LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post

Sunday Special

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NO. 487. SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1914. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.]

LATEST FROM LONDON.

THE DURATION OF THE WAR.

KING ANXIOUS TO VISIT THE FLEET.

ARBROATH MAN'S DEATH IN FAR EAST.

London, Saturday Midnight.

When will the war be over is what everybody is asking.

It is easy to be a prophet when you know, and, although I have not been out to the front yet, I am going to risk prophesying that the Huns are in for the time of their lives much sooner than most people expect.

The Germans in the trenches are in the last stages of funk, and there is no doubt whatever that they have not got sufficient ammunition for their requirements. To illustrate how they are feeling, I will tell you an amusing story, which is vouched for by a soldier who has just returned from the trenches.

His particular underground apartment was only some 200 yards away from the German trenches. Merely as a protective plan he and some others went out at night to put up a line of barbed wire entanglements.

They were unable to finish the work that night owing to lack of material, but it came along in due course, and at daybreak the party sallied forth to complete the defence.

Judge of their surprise when they saw that some person or persons unknown had been there before them and finished the job off in the most approved manner. The British Engineers examined the craftsmanship carefully, and then the stillness was broken by a roar of derisive laughter. The German Engineers had been sent to finish the entanglements in case the men who started the work should change their minds and decide to storm their trenches. The story has more good news in it than many of the official despatches from the front.

Cleanliness After Godliness.

From those who have recently come home I learn that the soldiers themselves are of opinion that the Germans are fighting a forlorn hope. They are all very buoyant and hopeful of seeing an early termination, but at the same time all are willing to stay any length of time and finish the job off properly. They are in splendid condition now, having got a fine system of trench reliefs and periodical hot baths.

This reminds me that the Kultured Huns have altered the old maxim into cleanliness after godliness. Tommy Atkins wallows in his bath, but the Germans, after shelling the churches, have started on the public baths, and, after a large one out of action in one of the towns where the fighting has been fiercest. This fact was told to King George when he was out at the front, and I am told he laughed heartily at the news.

Our Sailor King.

The next most important topic in London is whether King George is likely to pay a visit to Admiral Jellicoe and his men on the North Sea. His Majesty is as anxious to go on board the flagship as he was determined to visit the trenches, and the only obstacle in the way is that some of his advisers are determined that no further risks shall be taken by the Sovereign.

King George is essentially a sailor King. His heart is on the sea, and nothing would give him more pleasure than to inspire the men who man his ships. He has, moreover, like most sailors, a knack of getting his own way in most matters, and if some day the news were to be wired to the world over that our hero King was ploughing his way through the white billows that rush to meet our coast there would be one or two in this tough little island who would be inclined to say, "I told you so."

A Dodge to Join the Colours.

The determination of the average Britisher to get into the Army in spite of opposition has led to many ingenious dodges being invented. One or two would-be recruits, to get over the eyesight difficulty, have got the test off by heart, and quite a number who will never see the sunny side of forty again have taken as great liberties with their ages as an elderly spinster in the witness-box.

The palm for pluck and ingenuity, however, is awarded to a friend of mine employed where very important Government work is being done, and where he is as useful as he would be in France. He saw his opportunity when the census paper arrived at his house, put himself down as six feet in height, willing to enlist, and ashamed to be seen walking the streets because his Directors would not consent to liberate him. The recruiting committee chuckled, and, though they knew the cure, sent the paper to his Directors, who "carpetted" their candid employee, found out he was a hard nut to crack, and promised to do their best to allow him to do his duty at the front in uniform.

If the Bullet Had Hit the Mark.

The death in an out-of-the-way part of the globe of a man whose act may in no small degree have been responsible for plunging the world into war has escaped the ken of the London papers, which would have made much of the story had they known the facts. The Colombo Gazette, which is before me as I write, contains a paragraph by his Excellency the Governor of Ceylon, regretting the passing away, shortly after the outbreak of hostilities, of Mr John Kane Murty, the Government agent at Batticalo.

A big game hunter of repute, Mr Murty was chosen some three years ago to accompany the Crown Prince of Germany to Trincomalee, and the two were lost one night in the jungle during the stalk. A rogue elephant charged the hunters. The Crown Prince lost his head, and a Royal tragedy would have thrilled the world but for that cool brain and unerring aim of the crack shot who had been sent to see that nothing should happen to the future heir of Germany. The workings of Fate are strange and mysterious, and even those who do not believe that the Crown Prince was directly responsible for the war will ask themselves whether or not the war would have been possible had the hand of the hunter failed.

Mr Murty, whom I had the pleasure of knowing many years ago, was a native of the East Coast of Scotland, and was educated at the Arbroath High School.

Not Contempt of Court.

An unreported incident of the Law Courts is sharing with the visit of Major F. E. Smith the honour of being the chief topic of conversation at the Law Courts. It illustrates the esteem in which the humblest soldier is held by the highest in the land, and also the spirit of fight which animates the average Britisher in khaki.

Home from the front, a bronzed Tommy, wearing the South African ribbon, strolled into the Appeal Court to while away the time, and sat down to listen to a young barrister pleading a dry-as-dust case against five severe-looking Judges. The legal aspect of the forensic fight did not interest the soldier, and he got ready to go, but the odds of five to one against struck him as a plucky business, and, rising in his seat, he addressed his congratulations to the barrister in these words — "Well done, counsel, and I hope you'll win."

The Court looked surprised. History does not record a parallel to the incident. A reporter who has been in the Court man and boy for more years than he cares to admit had vision of the headsman and the Tower.

Amid a deathly silence the soldier stood for a moment, and then, adding—"God bless His Majesty's Judges," he made for the swing doors, and the trembling ushers and bewildered counsel listened to the jangling of his spurs in the corridors. Mr Justice Darling was the first to see the humour of the situation, and a smile passed from Judge to Judge, and encouraged a titter from the benches.

The situation was saved, but at one time the effect was pretty much the same as it would have been had a leading K.C. got up in his place and treated the Court to a verse of one Vesta Victoria's songs.

EDINBURGH OFFICER

WINS VICTORIA CROSS

FOR AMAZING ACT OF HEROISM.

London, Saturday Night.

Another Edinburgh soldier has brought renown to the Scottish capital, and added additional laurels to the distinguished qualities of British valour in the field.

Last week the country was ringing with the praises of Private George Wilson, of the Highland Light Infantry, in winning the coveted Victoria Cross. To-day the heroism of Captain Walter Lorrain Brodie, also of the 2d Battalion of the gallant Highland Light Infantry, will stir the pulse of all patriotic Scotsmen.

Our officers in the field have earned undying fame for their gallantry against the German foe, and the glorious achievement of Captain Brodie will rank as one of the most outstanding feats of British bravery ever performed on the field of battle.

The following is the official notification:—

The London Gazette supplement last night states:—"The King has been pleased to approve of the grant of the Victoria Cross to Captain Walter Lorrain Brodie, Second Battalion Highland Light Infantry, for conspicuous bravery whilst serving with the Expeditionary Force as set forth below.

"For conspicuous gallantry near Bacelaere on 11th Nov. in clearing the enemy out of a portion of our trenches which they had succeeded in occupying. Heading the charge, he bayonetted several of the enemy, and thereby relieved a dangerous situation.

"As a result of Captain Brodie's promptitude eighty of the enemy were killed and fifty-one taken prisoners."

JUSTIFYING HIS PROMOTION.

Captain Brodie, who is the second son of Mr John Wilson Brodie, C.A., 22 Belgrove Crescent, Edinburgh, is thirty years of age, and was educated at Edinburgh Academy and privately, his education to fit him as an officer in the army being completed at Sandhurst.

It was only on 13th September last that Captain Brodie received his captaincy, and the details of his amazing exploit will be received with satisfaction by his numerous circle of friends. Captain Brodie has now been ten years identified with the Highland Light Infantry, and he has not been long in justifying his promotion.

A keen follower of the hounds, Captain Brodie has demonstrated that in the stern game of battle he is also fearless and intrepid to a degree.

KAISER'S TELEGRAM.

Curious Announcement From Berlin

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following official statement has been received here from Berlin:—

On the occasion of the death of Prince Maurice of Battenberg the Emperor William sent a telegram of condolence to the Queen of Spain, but not to King George.—Reuter.

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S BIG DONATION.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A telegram from The Hague states that Queen Wilhelmina has given a further donation to the National Relief Committee of 100,000 florins.

DUTCH HOLD UP CARGO OF BOOTY.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Antwerp correspondent of the Telegraaf, telegraphing from Hansweert, Province of Zeeland, states that the Dutch authorities have detained fifteen river boats with cargoes of grain and all kinds of goods, apparently war booty, which the Germans were trying to transport along the Sheldt. The Germans intend to prove these cargoes are private property.—P.A. War Special.

KAISER QUARRELS WITH CHIEF OF STAFF,

AND SUPPLANTS HIM BY A FAVOURITE GENERAL.

DETERMINED GERMAN ATTACKS ON RUSSIANS REPULSED.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Handelsblad learns that the change in the post of the Chief of General Staff was due to difference of opinion between the Emperor and General Von Moltke.

Von Moltke wanted to concentrate the main German forces towards Verdun, where an attempt to break through the French lines would have been made, and by subsequent movements in a northern direction the British troops were to have been forced to retreat.

The Kaiser's aim, however, was to reach Calais, and to break through the northern Allied lines, and the Kaiser's favourite General, Von Falkenhayn, now Chief of General Staff, worked out plans for this movement, with the well known results at Dixmude, Ypres, and on the Yser.

The paper adds that there is only one Commander-in-Chief in the German Army who stands outside the Kaiser's influence, and this is Field-Marshal Von Hindenburg.—P.A. War Special.

ENEMY'S BATTERIES DEMOLISHED.

RUSSIANS RESUME OFFENSIVE.

Paris, Saturday Evening.

The following official communique was issued this evening:—

The enemy has completely evacuated the west bank of the Yser Canal, north of the ferryman's house. We occupy that bank.

In the region of Arras, there have been artillery combats.

In the region of Nampoel our batteries have reduced those of the enemy to silence.

In the Aisne region our heavy artillery has silenced the German field batteries, and one of their howitzer batteries has been completely destroyed.

North-east of Vailly, in the regions of Perthes and Bois De Le Grurie, there have been artillery duels, and some infantry engagements, which have ended to our advantage.

In the Meuse heights the enemy's artillery has shown little activity.

On the other hand, ours has demolished two of the enemy's batteries, one being of heavy calibre, and the other intended for firing against aeroplanes, at Deuxnounds, west of Vignelles les Hattonchatel.

In the same region we have blown up a blockhouse and destroyed several trenches.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle there is nothing to report.

In the Vosges there have been artillery duels, and in the region of Senones we have consolidated the positions gained on the preceding day.

In the region of Mlawa the violent attacks of the Germans have been repulsed.

RUSSIA.

The Russians have resumed the offensive against the enemy's columns, which are retiring in disorder.

In the region north of Lowicz determined attacks by the Germans have also been repelled everywhere, with heavy losses to the enemy.

In the region south of Cracow, Russian offensive has continued satisfactorily, notwithstanding an obstinate resistance.

SERVIA.

The Serbian Armies, which has reached the Kolubara, have crossed that river between Valjevo, which they occupied, and its junction with the Lig.

To the north they have occupied Lazarevatz.

The number of prisoners taken during the recent fighting amounts to about 18,000.—P.A. War Special.

LATEST OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

Paris, Saturday 10.30 p.m.

The official communique just issued says:—There is no fresh incident to report.—C.N.

MORE TRENCHES BLOWN UP.

GERMANS CLAIM SUCCESS BY DYNAMITE RUSE.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The following official communique from the German General Headquarters was issued in Berlin to-day.

In Flanders yesterday the French attacked to the east of Lengemarck. They were thrown back, losing some 200 killed and forty prisoners.

Our artillery bombarded the railway station at Ypres to hamper the hostile movement of troops. Near Arras we made progress. In the region of Souain and Perthes the French renewed their attacks without success.

In the Argonne Forest the French attempted an attack after having preserved a passive attitude for weeks, but they were easily repulsed. We took another important point of advantage by employing dynamite. The enemy suffered severely in killed and wounded, besides losing 200 prisoners.

Near Apremont, south-east of St Mihiel several strong attacks by the French were repulsed, as also on the ridge of the Vosges to the west of Markirch.

GERMAN VIEW OF FIGHTING IN EAST.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following official despatch from the German Great General Headquarters was published in Berlin to-day:—

On the East Prussian frontier our cavalry has repulsed the Russian cavalry, taking 350 prisoners.

South of the Vistula, in North Poland, our operations are developing.

In South Poland Russian attacks have been repulsed by the Austro-Hungarian troops.—P.A. War Special.

GERMANS BUILDING TRENCHES

NEAR DUTCH FRONTIER.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to a telegram to the Telegraaf from Maeseyck, on the Belgo-German frontier, German Frontier Guards are not only hunting for gold which could be smuggled into Holland or Belgium, but now also for copper.

All villages are being thoroughly searched, and every copper kettle and all other copper utensils are being confiscated.

The Burgomaster of the district of Maeseyck has received an order to report within three days the stocks available of potatoes, oats, straw, cattle, wine, sugar, and spirits.

The inhabitants of Kinroy have been ordered to stay indoors in order that troop movements may suffer no delay.

Near the Dutch frontier from Molenbeersel to Bocholt trenches are being built with the help of the Belgian population, who are being paid for the work.

All horse dealers are watched, and one of them has been arrested in Maeseyck. Two young Belgians of eighteen years have been arrested.—Reuter.

GERMAN SOLDIERS OVER-POWERED.

SEQUEL TO ARREST OF BELGIANS.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

It is learned from Valkenswaard that a serious encounter took place between a German frontier guard and Belgian smugglers. Last Thursday night near Achel three Belgians tried to smuggle pigs across the Dutch frontier.

After being challenged, two of the smugglers were arrested, while a third escaped.

Both prisoners were escorted to the headquarters by two soldiers of the Landwehr, but, after going a short way, the soldiers were assailed and overpowered by four Belgians, who were hidden behind the bushes. The prisoners escaped.

The local commander ordered an inquiry, and great anxiety prevails among the inhabitants, who fear severe reprisals by the German authorities.—P.A. War Special.

DISTRESS IN BELGIUM.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Handelsblad correspondent, who has just returned from a three days' tour to Ghent, describes the situation at Ostend as distressful, and says that the greatest poverty prevails.

Bread is hardly eatable, petroleum is lacking, cheese is sold at four francs and coffee at four and a half francs per kilogram, and the gasworks are not working, as no coal is available.

At Bruges depression prevails, and a special permit of the miliary commander is necessary to stay one night there.

Becloo has a very severe commander, and both civilians and soldiers must be indoors at seven in the evening, while non-commissioned officers are allowed to remain out of doors till eight.

Almost all industries are at a standstill, with the exception of the India Jute Company.

Ghent has to suffer most under the requisitions. One ironmonger's store was robbed of goods to the value of 200,000 francs.

Along the Yser at St Joris, near Nieuport, Slype, Veere, and Schoor have been destroyed by the Allied guns.

Peryse has been between two fires, and only the ruins remain.

Beerst, Zerekote, Keiem, St Pieter's, Rapelle Lane, Vladslyo, and Zande are badly damaged.

The big villages of Lombartzyde and Westende are completely in ruins.

All attempts of the Germans to occupy Sluives and Nieuport have failed up to now.

In Lootenhulle a quarrel arose between civilians and soldiers, during which seven men, among them two soldiers, were killed.

An inquiry has been ordered by the military commandant.—P.A. War Special.

TRAMS RUNNING IN LODZ.

REMARKABLE POSITION OF POLISH TOWN.

A telegram from the main German Headquarters of to-day's (Saturday) date states that the town of Lodz has suffered little during the fighting.

Some of the suburbs and factories outside the town have been damaged, but the interior of the town has been almost untouched.

The Grand Hotel is undamaged. Electric tram traffic is going on as in times of peace.—Reuter.

[The Lodz district has been the centre of much fighting, and has been twice held by the Germans, who are the present holders of this large manufacturing town in Poland.]

SERVIANS HOT IN PURSUIT

OF DEFEATED AUSTRIANS.

Nish, Saturday.

According to an official statement the Servian troops have continued the pursuit of the Austrians, whose attacks were all repulsed with heavy losses on the north front.

The enemy left on the battlefield about 2500 bodies, not including those which had been buried.

BACK TO THEIR POSTS.

SIGNIFICANT SERVIAN SUCCESS.

Nish, Saturday Night.

The following official communique was issued here to-day:—

Our army having reoccupied Baina Bashta and Rogalitza, in the district of Rashta, our officials have been re-established throughout the department of Ushitza. They have been set at liberty, and are all at their posts. Our authorities have been established at Valievo since the afternoon of the 10th inst.—Reuter.

"THE SUCCESS OF THE COMMON CAUSE."

SIR EDWARD GREY AND THE GALLANT SERVIANS.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

In reply to a telegram received from His Majesty's Minister at Nish, conveying to His Majesty's Government the congratulations of the Serbian Government on the naval victory off the Falkland Islands, Sir Edward Grey has sent the following telegram:—

"Please convey to the Serbian Government the sincere thanks of His Majesty's Government for their congratulations, and say that we are filled with admiration of the brilliant victories recently achieved by the gallant Serbian forces, which greatly contribute to the success of the common cause."

"SUCCESS HAILED WITH DELIGHT."

FRENCH MINISTER'S MESSAGE TO SERVIA.

Paris, Saturday.

M. M. Millerand, Minister of War, has telegraphed to the Serbian Minister of War the hearty congratulations of the French Army on the brilliant victory of the gallant Serbian Army.

"We hail with delight," he said, "this fresh guarantee of the final success towards which the Allied Armies are marching in close union."—Reuter.

AUSTRIANS SEIZE YOUNG PEOPLE,

And Hold Them as Captives.

Nish, Friday.

The following semi-official statement is published here:—

The Government has just been informed from an authorised source that the Austrian authorities in the districts of Serbia despoiled by the Austrian Army have made captures of all young persons, aged between fourteen and sixteen.

The Government has sent to the Governments of the Triple Entente and to neutral States an energetic protest against such an unheard of action, which, it says, resembles the barbarities of Turkish Janissaries in the Middle Ages.—P.A. War Special.

AUSTRIANS USING DUM-DUM BULLETS.

Nish, Friday.

Examinations carried out in the field hospitals confirm beyond the possibility of doubt that the Austrian troops are making use of dum-dum bullets.

The doctors have noted the wounds caused by such bullets in 144 cases. The Royal Government sent a protest to the Governments of the Triple Entente Powers and neutral States.—Reuter.

A STRIKING CASUALTY LIST.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Deutsche Jurist Zeitung to-day contains a third list of casualties among lawyers and administration officials.

The three lists together give the names of 948 persons.—Reuter.

USING THE REJECTED

Germany's Plight for Men.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraaf learns from Dinxperlo that the German Guard along the Dutch frontier has now been sent to the front and been replaced by older soldiers of the Landsturm and by soldiers who have been slightly wounded.

In several districts of the Rhine province old Landsturm men and those who were previously rejected on medical examination are now being drilled.—Reuter.

DEADLY SEA MINES

Which Blew Up Swedish Steamers.

Helsingfors, Saturday.

It has been ascertained that the mines which recently blew up the three Swedish steamers off the Finnish coast were sown in three layers in such a way that when one had exploded another took its place.—Reuter.

GERMAN IN THE BOX.

SENSATIONAL CAPTURE.

DEEP-LAID PLOT DISCOVERED.

Gravesend, Saturday.

A vigilant customs official made a sensational capture to-day on board a Batavier liner bound from Gravesend for Rotterdam.

They noticed with suspicion a huge box, doubly padlocked, bearing an address to Rotterdam, and various marks indicating an ordinary transaction in merchandise.

The box had been conveyed apparently by rail from Dorchester, and handled with great care. The officials ordered the locks to be chiselled off, and when the lid was removed a German officer stepped coolly out.

Among the contents were a bed and pillow, food, and odds and ends of comfort.

The German, who had a good sum of money in his possession, is now in Gravesend Police Station. It is believed that he escaped from an internment with the aid of accomplices and spies.

The officials concerned in the capture at Gravesend are very reticent, and it is understood that the affair has been reported to the Home Office for a thorough investigation, as the prisoner's daring attempt must have been a part of a deeply-laid plot, with principals both in Britain and Holland.

The object of escape, if achieved, was evidently to convey important information to the enemy.

The discovery was made early in the morning, when the chances of escaping detection were considered good.

GERMANS FLITTIN' PRISONERS OF WAR.

Advice to Friends of the Men.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The War Office notifies that so far as can be ascertained all prisoners of war, wounded included, are sent straight through to Germany, and are not detained at Brussels.

It would therefore appear useless to address any inquiries as to the situation or condition of prisoners to the latter place.

The War Office has received information through the American Consular secretary that the British prisoners of war at Torgau are being moved to Burg, near Magdeburg.

The officers at Crefield remain.

The War Office is also informed that the civilian British subjects now interned at Ruhleben are allowed to receive ten marks a week. Any money sent should be remitted to them directly by their relations at home.

FAILED TO ANSWER SENTRY'S CHALLENGE.

ARMY SERVICE MAN'S TRAGIC DEATH.

An inquest was held at Greenwich yesterday on David Belwell, a driver in the Army Service Corps, Woolwich, who was shot by a sentry at the main gates of the barracks last Sunday night.

Driver Carroll, the sentry, said he challenged three times, and, receiving no answer, fired.

It was stated that Bedwell, who died on Tuesday, was very hard of hearing.

The jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide, and exonerated the sentry.

The Coroner said the sentry only did his duty.

BLOWN IN AIR BY "JACK JOHNSONS."

Edinburgh Soldier's Revelations About the Germans.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Some of the wounded who arrived in Edinburgh yesterday from the front were able to be seen this afternoon in hospital.

One soldier told a story of a comrade, who, when lying on the ground, had a "Jack Johnson" shell fall right in front of him. It made a deep cavity under him, and he was blown into the air, apparently unhurt, though he suffered from shock afterwards.

He had seen cases of men struck by explosive bullets, in one instance the top of the head was blown off. In another the skull was cleft in a V shape.

One man said our artillery was now superior to the Germans, and another said the British airmen were far more daring than the German. The latter only flew in moderate or fine weather, the British in all weathers.

German prisoners said the war would last till Christmas but after that the German people would put a stop to it. The German infantry now included a number of boys of fifteen and sixteen, and though the Germans were bad shots as a rule the snipers were quite as good as ours. They were very prodigal in artillery fire, fifty to sixty shots a minute coming into the British lines.

AMONGST THE MISSING.

Fate of Kirkintilloch Man.

Kirkintilloch, Saturday Night.

Lance-Corporal James Campbell, A. & S. Highlanders, a native of Kirkintilloch, is reported missing.

Campbell before the war broke out resided in Springburn. He was for long an enthusiastic member and later on the committee of the Rob Roy football club.

NO CHRISTMAS TRUCE.

POPE'S EFFORTS FAIL

OWING TO OPPOSITION OF A POWER.

Rome, Saturday.

The Vatican has circulated a statement that the efforts made by the Pope to obtain a truce during Christmas have unfortunately failed, owing to the opposition of a certain Power.—P.A. War Special.

The proposal for a truce at Christmas originated with the Pope. The suggestion is novel in warfare, but, of course, in the present war many movements have taken place that are without precedent in history.

The idea of His Holiness was that there should be a twelve hours' armistice over the whole war area.

The suggestion was brought under the attention of the various nations, and within the past few days has excited a good deal of attention.

ITALY AT WHITE HEAT

OVER INSULT BY TURKISH TROOPS.

Rome Demands Energetic Measures.

Italy's position in the European War has again come into prominence by the report of a remarkable attack on an Italian Consulate by Turkish troops.

It is reported that the Turkish soldiers violated the British Consulate at Hodeida in order to seize the Consul, who, however, had fled and entered the Italian Consulate close by.

The Turks forced the doors of the latter, and after wounding a Kavass succeeded in carrying off the British Consul.

No precise news has been received concerning the Italian Consul.

A Rome newspaper demands that the Government should take energetic measures to deal with such a violation of international law.

Telegraphic communication with Hodeida is still interrupted. As soon as the Italian Government learned the facts it sent instructions to the Embassy at Constantinople to obtain proper reparation from the Porte for the violation of the Italian Consulate.—P.A. War Special.

ITALIAN INTERVENTION.

Paris, Saturday.

A Central Committee has been formed to direct the propaganda of local committees in favour of Italian intervention in the war.—Reuter.

TREACHEROUS TURKS UNMASKED.

British Staff's Escape.

London, Saturday Night.

Reuter is informed that telegrams have been received announcing that the property of the Caucasus Copper Company at Dzansoul, forty miles south of Batum, was invaded by Turks last month. Previous to invasion the British and American staff had received instructions to evacuate the property. It is believed most of the staff got away before the arrival of the Turks.

The amount of damage by the Turks is unknown.

DAMPER FOR YOUNG TURKS.

Effects of British and Servian Victories.

Sofia.

The enthusiasm of the Young Turks, it is stated, many of whom are beginning to repent having embarked on this German war, will, it is thought, suffer a severe chill with the news of the Austrian defeat by the Servians, and the capture of Valjevo by the Servians, and the important British naval success off Falkland Islands, both of which have produced a great impression in Sofia, especially the Servian victory.

WHAT GERMANS SAY ABOUT NAVAL VICTORY.

New York, Saturday.

A New York Times message from Buenos Ayres states that the President's reply declares that the British suffered severely in the recent action off the Falkland Islands.

The officers of the Dresden state that they received wireless information to the effect that three British vessels had been sunk, and that the British losses were specially rather enhanced.

British wounded on the way to Hobart Town, are expected to arrive at any moment.—Reuter's News.

[The British Admiralty report stated no loss of any British ship was reported, and our casualties are very few in number.]

FINED £20 FOR MAKING FALSE STATEMENT

In Attempt to Enlist.

At Bow Street yesterday Marcus Barthroentas, charged on remand with having made use of a false statement regarding his moral character, signed by Sir J. H. Renals, when offering himself for entry into His Majesty's forces, he excused his conduct by saying he desired to enlist in the Army, and had made a clean breast of his past, but could not get accepted.

The Magistrate imposed the full penalty of £20 and costs.

CHANGLING—OR HEIR TO FORTUNE?

CLEARING UP MYSTERY OF SLINGSBY BABY BOY.

DOCTOR'S AMAZING STORY OF ALLEGED ADOPTION OF CHILD IN DISPUTE.

Remarkable statements were made in the Probate Court during the hearing of the Slingsby legitimacy suit, which raises the question of the right of succession to large estates in Yorkshire.

The principal figures in the case are:—

Charles Eugene Edward Slingsby, four years of age, who petitions for a declaration that he is the lawful and legitimate son of

Mr Charles Henry Reynard Slingsby, now of Scriven Hall, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, by his marriage with Dorothy Morgan Warren, who states that the boy was born to Mrs Slingsby in San Francisco on September 1, 1910, at No. 1522 M'Allister Street.

Messrs Thomas William Slingsby and **Alan Peter Slingsby**, brothers of Mr C. H. R. Slingsby, who resist the petition. They allege, as a result of detectives' inquiries in San Francisco, that Mrs Slingsby procured a changeling child, the present petitioner, from a woman named Lilian Anderson, of 960 Grant Avenue, in the Chinatown district of San Francisco, and passed him off on her husband on her return to British Columbia as "their legitimate offspring.

Mrs Slingsby vigorously denies the suggestions that the boy is not her son and that she adopted him in San Francisco. Replying to a question by Mr Duke (for the petitioner), she said there was no ground for the suggestion that she was anxious that the boy should inherit the Slingsby estates. She added—"I do not care twopence whether he does or not. It is my boy's good name I am fighting for."

Upon the issue of the case depends whether the two brothers or the petitioner are to be the heirs to the estates.

A Fool Man.

Among the depositions read was that of Dr Regensburger, who deposed to having attended Mrs Slingsby at his "office" on August 18, 19, 20, and 22, 1910, for some skin trouble. He could not say at this distance of time whether she was pregnant. He had no recollection of Mrs Hatty Blain's coming to him on September 2, 1910, and asking whether he knew where Mrs Slingsby could put a child. He did not remember replying, "I don't think I know anybody. Did you ever see a fool man like that, that a wife could make him believe she gets a baby" (sic). He had no recollection of such an occurrence.

Mrs Black in her evidence swore that she had had the custody of the petitioner in San Francisco for five weeks before he was sent to the hospital. Mrs Blain "rang her up" and told her that detectives had hounded the life out of her, and that she had told them that the baby was Mrs Slingsby's and was born in her house. Afterwards a woman detective had got into her house and had told her that she had discovered her business, and had threatened that if she did not say that the baby was not Mrs Slingsby's baby and had not been born there she would expose her business.

What Detectives Said.

Cross-examined—She had never said to Mrs Blain that she knew that the child was not Mrs Slingsby's child. Mrs Slingsby told her, while the baby was in hospital, that detectives were after her trying to say that the baby was not hers, and that Mr Slingsby's family did not like her and alleged that the baby was not her child. Mrs Blain had not asked her to write to Mrs Slingsby "and beg her to confess the truth."

The Certificate of Birth.

Mrs Mary Turner, the birth register clerk at the Health Office in San Francisco, produced the certificate of the petitioner's birth. The certificate was filed by Dr Fraser on September 6, 1910. On September 12 Mrs Slingsby came and wanted a certified copy. On October 4 Mrs Slingsby came and wanted the entry as to the place of birth changed. After consultation she made the alteration, both in the original and in the certified copy. Afterwards a person who, she had been informed, was Dr Fraser, called at the office, and had a conversation with her. He said that he wanted to alter the place of birth on that certificate. "Why?" said the witness to him, "the place of birth has already been altered by the affidavit." He looked at the book and the entry, and said that it was all right. He said—"I am Dr Fraser. It was I who filed the original certificate."

A Letter From Mrs Slingsby.

Mrs Winifred Mackenzie deposed to accompanying Mrs Slingsby to the offices of the Associated Charities in San Francisco. It was after the present proceedings had started. Mrs Slingsby asked if she was the woman who called there in 1910 with reference to the adoption of the child, and they said that they were not prepared to swear that she was. In 1910 she had received the following letter from Mrs Slingsby, addressed to her in Scotland:—

"Glen Cottage, Beaumont, Victoria, B.C.
Monday, June 27.

"My Dear Winifred,—It has been several months since we have had word from any one of you, and I am wondering if you will be interested in the fact that we are expecting the "Stork" in August. I am going to ask as a great favour that you and Mr. Mackenzie will let dear little Mary stand for one of its godmothers by proxy. It is rather an anxious time for me as I am no longer young, and in case I fall out I want someone to take an interest in and see that my child is not raised in the narrow way of the Slingsby family. If all goes well we hope to go back to England in the spring of next year.—Affectionately yours,
DOROTHY."

Cross-examined.—In answer to the letter of June 27, 1910, she (the witness) had written saying that she would be very pleased to allow her daughter to be godmother to the child when it was born. Mr Slingsby promised to telegraph to her when the child was born, and he did so.

This concluded the petitioner's case.

A Serious Issue.

Mr Waugh, in his opening on behalf of the respondents and parties cited, said that the issue was a serious one for all parties. It was as follows:—Was Mrs Slingsby delivered of a child on September 1, 1910, at the house of Mrs Blain in M'Allister Street? The onus was on the petitioner to prove that. The evidence of Mrs Slingsby was uncorroborated on all points save one—that up to August 24 she was pregnant. He desired to reprobate the suggestion that the late Rev. Charles Slingsby was a party to dogging this lady with detectives shortly after the birth of the child. Mr Slingsby had written to his mother on September 1, 1910. He had not mentioned that his wife was in San Francisco, and he had said, "No news of interest; all well here."

Suspicion Aroused.

Five or six days later telegrams were received announcing the birth of a "fine boy" on September 1. Was it surprising that the Rev. Charles Slingsby regarded the telegrams with suspicion?

The Rev. Charles Slingsby had opposed the marriage solely because the lady was unknown to him and older than his son. Once the marriage had taken place he made the best of it. He had settled property on the petitioner, in the event of his being the legitimate child of Mr and Mrs Slingsby. At a critical period on August 24 Mrs Slingsby had advertised for a child for adoption. Such an advertisement would never have been inserted by a woman who was then about to become a mother of a living child. Mrs Slingsby had been guilty of "wilful perjury" in her affidavit of August 24, 1911, in which she denied that she caused that advertisement to be inserted in the San Francisco Examiner or in any other newspaper.

Judge's Opinion.

Dealing further with Mrs Slingsby's evidence, the learned counsel referred to her statement as to the expenses of confinement, and her letter to her husband in which she said that her confinement would be a "hard case, and a case for instruments."

Mr Justice Bargrave Deane—Your argument admits the fact that Mrs Slingsby was pregnant. You must not be too severe on what a woman writes in that condition. I am not excusing her for telling lies. She has told a lie, her affidavit denying that she was responsible for the advertisement in the San Francisco Examiner proves that.

Evidence for Parties Cited.

The depositions of witnesses examined on commission on behalf of the parties cited were read.

Mrs Pearl Macmurray said that she was living at 1522 M'Allister Street in August and September, 1910, and that no woman gave birth to a child at the beginning of September, 1910, at 1522 M'Allister Street. She would have known if there had been any birth there.

Cross-Examined—She had come to give evidence at the suggestion of Mrs Blain. She never remembered seeing anyone named Mrs Slingsby at 1522 M'Allister Street.

Mrs Marie Backman gave similar evidence. Cross-Examined—She had now no occupation, and was in an almshouse in San Francisco. Mrs Blain had been her close personal friend for the last twenty years. She had discussed her evidence with Mrs Blain on the evening before her examination.

Re-examined—She had neither received nor been promised any money for giving evidence in the case, except her witness fee of 16s.

Hotel Manager's Evidence.

Mr Isidor Goodfriend, manager of the Goodfriends Hotel, San Francisco, in August, September, and October, 1910, in his evidence identified the pages of the loose-leaf ledger. From those sheets Mrs Slingsby arrived at the hotel on August 16, 1910. The entry was in his handwriting. She stayed until October 23. As manager of the hotel he would have known had Mrs Slingsby been absent from the hotel from September 1-10, 1910. He did not recall that she was absent from the hotel between those dates.

Miss Matilde Jacobson, whose deposition was read, said that she was the sister-in-law of the last witness. She was living at Goodfriends Hotel in August and September, 1910, and her duties were to check the books.

She had not noticed that Mrs Slingsby was absent from the hotel from September 1-10. She thought that had Mrs Slingsby been absent she would have known something about it.

The deposition of Mrs Porter, taken on commission, was read. In it she said that she lived in Ukiah, California, and had known Mrs Slingsby about five years. She had seen Mrs Slingsby on September 7, 1910, talking to a lady with a baby and a small gentleman with a dark moustache. There was nothing in Mrs Slingsby's appearance to indicate that she had had a baby on September 1.

Department for Foundling Children.

Katherine C. Felton, the general secretary of the Associated Charities, a body which had a department for foundling children, Jackson Street, San Francisco, said that she had been unable to identify Mrs Slingsby, but some lady came to the institution, who, she was told, was Mrs Slingsby, and with whom she had had a conversation.

Mrs Lucy Churchill Fay, of the Associated Charities, deposed to a lady telling her that she wished to withdraw an application for a child which had been made. The lady said that her name was "Slingsby."

Mr Justice Bargreave Deane—It is a question of identity. The identity is not proved by the statement that the lady was "Mrs Slingsby."

Mrs Blain's Deposition.

Mrs Hattie Blain, in her evidence, taken on commission, deposed to having lived in a flat at 1522 M'Allister Street. Mrs Slingsby had never stayed with her at her flat in M'Allister Street. She (the witness) left San Francisco on September 11, 1910, for Chicago. Mrs Slingsby never stayed with her from September 1 to September 10, 1910. The witness had never nursed Mrs Slingsby, and Mrs Slingsby never gave birth to a child at her house. In August, 1910, the had gone with Mrs Slingsby to try to adopt a child at the California Lying-In Hospital. They had gone to see a Dr Newman, who said that he had not then a child. After that Mrs Slingsby told her that she had put an advertisement in the newspaper. Mr Slingsby had also told her that she had visited the Associated Charities, but that the people there would not give her a baby unless her husband signed for it.

A Visit to Dr Fraser.

The deposition continued—She had seen the Hawaiian woman whom Mrs Slingsby asked her to see. When Mrs Slingsby first came, just before September 1, 1910, she showed no sign of approaching motherhood. Mrs Slingsby took the witness to Dr W. W. Fraser's office, in Grant Avenue, on September 2, 1910. When they got there the nurse came out with a baby and Dr Fraser. The baby was a day old. She was a nurse, so could tell the age. No child was ever born at 1522 M'Allister Street as long as she (the witness) had lived there. She had been in her own house every day and every night between September 1-10, 1910.

A Talk With Detectives.

In cross-examination she said that detectives had often been to her house—even on Christmas Eve, 1910. The detectives had talked to her about the Slingsby case. They had asked her if Mrs Slingsby had had a baby in her house, and she had said "Yes." The first time the woman detective had offered her any money she wanted. She had said that she wondered how Mrs Slingsby could keep it up, as she had witnesses in her house who could say that Mrs Slingsby was not there. None of the detectives had ever threatened to expose her unless she made a statement which they wanted. They had told her that she might have any amount of money if she stated the positive fact that the baby was not the child of Mrs Slingsby. She had never told Mrs Black that the woman detective had offered her £200.

Dr Fraser had told her there was money to be got in the case, and that he was going to get some if he could. Dr Fraser had come to see her two or three times, and she had told him that she was going to tell the truth when she was under oath. She had only been to Dr Fraser's place of business in Grant Avenue once, and had talked about the case with him alone. There was no couch in her dining-room between September 1 and 10, 1910. Dr Fraser had never sent ladies to her. She had never seen the man before September 2, 1910. She had first visited Mrs Slingsby at the Goodfriends Hotel in August, when she was sick, and Mrs Slingsby had just had a miscarriage. Mrs Slingsby had summoned her by telephone to come. No doctor had been called in. Mrs Slingsby had not allowed her to call in a doctor.

A Hawaiian Baby.

Witness said that Mrs Slingsby, having been disappointed about the birth of a child she had been expecting, went to see a Hawaiian girl at a lying-in hospital, but the girl refused to part with her baby. Just before this Mrs Slingsby had put an advertisement in a paper saying she wished to adopt a baby. Mrs Slingsby did not think the baby of the Hawaiian girl proved "too dark."

Witness admitted that she telephoned to Mrs Desmond and Mr Hormann, and told them that Mrs Slingsby had given birth to a child in her house.

Mrs Blaine said that Mrs Slingsby herself telegraphed to Mr Slingsby announcing the birth of the child. When she went to Dr Fraser's house with Mrs Slingsby to get the baby Mrs Fraser was present.

Mrs Blaine, in re-examination, said a woman detective called on her and said, "I know the whole facts. The Slingsby baby is not her baby. I know her whole history. She is nothing but an adventuress, and you had better confess. There is your price."

To this she replied, "I tell the truth, and don't want any money for it."

Mrs Certain's Evidence.

The evidence of Mrs Lilian Certain was then read. Witness, whose maiden name was Anderson, said that on September 1, 1910, she gave birth to a male child at Dr Fraser's house. The child was taken away by the nurse the next day, and she had never seen it since. The father of the child was Paul Colvin, a young man who became a chauffeur, and was a student at the same business college with her in Santa Rosa.

Dr Fraser's Story.

The evidence of Dr W. W. Fraser was then read. In the middle of August he made arrangement with Lilian Anderson for her confinement to take place at his house, and promised to find a home for the child.

He answered an advertisement of a lady who wished to adopt a child, and a Mrs Dorothy Slingsby, who was staying at the Goodfriend Hotel, called upon him. He promised to telephone to her when the child of Lilian Anderson was born. The latter gave birth to a male child at her house on September 1, 1910, and he telephoned to Mrs Slingsby, who fetched the child away the following day.

The Birth Certificate.

Five or six days later Mrs Slingsby called and asked him about the birth certificate, and said, "This is my baby. I want it to be my very own. I want the certificate made out in the name of myself and my husband as the mother and father of the child."

Witness demurred to doing this, but said Mrs Slingsby overcame his scruples, and, having in mind the welfare of the child and the desires of the mother, he made out the certificate as desired. Mrs Slingsby said she was very pleased because it resembled Mr Slingsby so much.

In cross-examination, Dr Fraser said Mrs Slingsby left £10 on his table. Mr Thorn paid him £100.

The hearing was adjourned.

TRACKED TO SHIP'S SIDE.

KINROSS WIFE WHO LEFT HER HOME.

Knight's Son Obtains Divorce.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

Mr Walter Basil Graham Montgomery, of Kinross House, Kinross, a son of Sir Basil Montgomery, was the pursuer in an action of divorce, before Lord Dewar, in the Court of Session to-day, against his wife, Fanny Graham, Zarifi or Montgomery, and also against Bracey Andrew Wilson, known as J. Wilson or Jock Stewart, co-defender.

Pursuer (35) said he married the defender in October, 1912, and they lived in London and Kinross, witness being political candidate for Clackmannan and Kinross-shire.

In April last witness became ill, and in the beginning of August he went with his wife to Harrowgate. Then intended to leave in the beginning of September, and up to that time his relations with the defender were quite friendly.

The day before they were to depart his wife left the hotel, and he learned that she proceeded to Leeds. He followed her there, and endeavoured to get her to return. She confessed misconduct, but declined to disclose the name of the man.

Two days later he got a letter from her stating that she would not return to him because she found she was too much in love with the other man. Witness had never seen the co-defender.

At the Ship's Side.

A private detective stated that he traced Mrs Montgomery from Leeds to Liverpool, and then to a residential hotel in Birkenhead. Witness stayed for two nights, and discovered that the defender and co-defender were staying there as "Mr and Mrs J. Wilson," occupying one bedroom. Later he ascertained that Mrs Montgomery and Wilson were going to New Zealand.

Witness, accompanied by Mr Montgomery's valet, went to Tilbury Docks, and found that the couple were already on board. They came to the ship's side, and witness served them with the summons in this case, but they made no remark whatever. Witness added that the co-defender was a married man.

After other evidence Lord Dewar pronounced decree of divorce.

Mr Constable, K.C., for the pursuer, moved that the name of the co-defender be put in the decree. He was a married man at present, and his character was such that the pursuer and the defender's friends wished this to be done for her own protection.

Lord Dewar said that was a very inadvisable thing from the point of view of the ordinary case, but he would consider the matter.

SCOTS FUSILIERS SUFFER

MANY CASUALTIES.

55 ARE REPORTED MISSING.

London, Saturday Night.

The following casualties to Scottish Regiments were issued to-night:—

Officer Killed.

Gordon, Captain J. F. S., Cameronians.

Died of Wounds.

Greer (5639), Private W., Royal Scots Greys.
Herbert (7779), Lance-Corporal J., Cameron Highlanders.
M'Bain (10555), Private A., Gordon Highlanders.
Spelman (6707), Private P., Royal Scots Fusiliers.

Wounded.

Anderson (268), Private A., Gordon Highlanders.
Anderson (20), Private W., Gordon Highlanders.
Angus (5393), Sergeant J., Gordon Highlanders.
Annis (8877), Private J., Cameronians.
Beedie (10813), Private G., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Bigg (8915), Lance-Corporal A., Cameronians.
Bonnar (9760), Private J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Bremner (10404), Pte. J., Gordon Highlanders.
Brennan (9342), Pte. W., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Bullock (7692), Pte. D., Gordon Highlanders.
Burton (10585), Lce.-Cpl. H., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Cameron (124), Pte. J., Gordon Highlanders.
Carmichael (11093), Pte. J., Cameronians.
Clark (6294), Pte. P., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Collie (5842), Pte. C., Gordon Highlanders.
Conboy (11278), Pte. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers
Coombe (9753), Lce.-Sgt. W., Gordon Highlanders.
Connally (5976), Pte. N., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Crombie (5464), Pte. W., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Cruickshanks (9252), Pte. A., Gordon Highlanders.
Dalton (1055), Pte. D., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Davidson (6499), Sgt. W., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Darby (7307), Pte. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Drapir (10953), Pte. A., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Duffield (8237), Cpl. C., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Fry (9210), Pte. C., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Gibb (223), Lce.-Cpl. W., Gordon Highlanders.
Gibson (660), Cpl. C., Gordon Highlanders.
Gibson (705), Pte. G., Gordon Highlanders.
Gibson (9374), Pte. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Gillan (10577), Pte. W., Gordon Highlanders.
Gillespie (10955), Pte. G., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Grace (10585), Pte. G., K.O.S.B.
Grieve (11010), Pte. A., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Graham (10851), Pte. R., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Hall (7671), Sgt. P., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Hardie (10739), Pte. J., Gordon Highlanders.
Harper (10166), Pte. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Johnston (9199), Pte. R., Gordon Highlanders.
Kermack (10542), Cpl. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Kettle (11775), Pte. J., K.O.S.B.
Lamont (12591), Pte. W., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Laws (915), Pte. A., Gordon Highlanders.
Leslie (10397), Pte. P., Gordon Highlanders.
Leslie (9397), Pte. W., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Licas (10471), Pte. S., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Lundie (10510), Pte. R., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
M'Culloch (6715), Pte. J., K.O.S.B.
M'Donald (10158), Pte. C., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
M'Ewan (10532), Pte. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
M'Gougan (6249), Pte. A., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
M'Innes (544), Pte. A., Gordon Highlanders.
M'Intosh (908), Pte. T., Gordon Highlanders.
M'Lean (10574), Pte. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
M'Lean (5575), Pte. R., Gordon Highlanders.
M'Sherry (10398, Pte. T., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Marshall (511), Pte. W., Gordon Highlanders.
Masson (922), Pte. R., Gordon Highlanders.
Milne (10), Pte. J. M., Gordon Highlanders.
Moodie (6918), Pte. J., Gordon Highlanders.
Morrison (10182), Cpl. F., Gordon Highlanders.
Mowat (10321), Pte. J., Gordon Highlanders.
Mullen (8316), Pte. J., Cameronians.
Myers (9306), Pte. W., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
O'Brien (10775), Pte. F., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Patterson (10347), Pte. R., Gordon Highlanders.
Prior (10690), Pte. M., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Raffan (240), Pte. R., Gordon Highlanders.
Ramage (6109), Pte. M., Gordon Highlanders.
Riley (6600), Pte. P., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Rippington (9477), Sgt. R., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Robertson (10777), Pte. E., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Robertson (430), Pte. J., Gordon Highlanders.
Ross (10654), Lce.-Cpl. W., Gordon Highlanders.
Scales (9144), Pte. W., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Scott (6538), Pte. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Selby (9823), Sgt. J., Royal Scots Fusiliers.
Shaw (374), Pte. A., Gordon Highlanders.
Sim (10545), Pte. J., Gordon Highlanders.
Simpson (383), Pte. D., Gordon Highlanders.
Simpson (10812), Pte. W., Cameronians.
Smart (578), Pte. A., Gordon Highlanders.
Smith (4722), Pte. F., Gordon Highlanders.
Smith (9388), Pte. F., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Smith (9922), Pte. H., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Smith (8154), Pte. W., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Soutar (10254), Pte. J., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Stevenson (8507), Pte. F., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Symington (10358), Pte. A., Gordon Highlanders.
Thompson (4878), Pte. J., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Wallace (934), Pte. A., Gordon Highlanders.
Ward (11059), Pte. M., Cameronians.
Watson (10349), Pte. D., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Watson (8536), Sergt. E., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Wells (10782), Pte. W., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Whitton (6140), Pte. H., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Wilson (9364), Pte. C., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Wilson (10138), Pte. W., Cameronians.
Wood (10581), Pte. A., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.
Yates (10998), Pte. R., Royal Scottish Fusiliers.

MISSING.

All of the Royal Scottish Fusiliers.

Albiston (10841), Pte. W.
Alexander (9489), Pte. W.
Bain (6000), Pte. J.
Baines (6868), Pte. J.
Baird (10502), Pte. H.
Benvie (10454), Pte. R.
Buchanan (5487), Pte. R.
Buckett (9877), Pte J.
Butler (5906) Pte. W.
Campbell (6016), Pte. R.
Craig (6179), Pte. J.
Cross (10620), Pte. H.
Cruickshanks (10644), Pte. F.
Dickson (10354), Pte. C.
Dodwell (10360), Pte. S.
Dover (10438), Pte. F.
Espie (6663), Pte. D.
Freer (10717), Pte. W.
Graham (5931), Pte. F.
Henderson (10469), Pte. A.
Higgins (9626), Pte. F.
Hughes (10168). Pte. J.
Hunter (7010), Pte. R.
Johnson (10718), Pte. J.
Kelly (9540), Pte. D.
Lake (6931), Pte. W.
Lawson (9728), Pte. F.
Lyle (10146), Pte. D.
Lynas (6635), Pte. E.
M'Clusky (10577), Pte. J.
M'Donald (10127), Pte. D.
M'Farlane (10010), Pte J.
M'Glinn (10820). Pte. J.
M'Innes (9496), Pte. J.
M'Rosty (10451), Pte. J.
Mornson (9322), Pte. S.
Murrie (1095), Pte. J.
Philomey (9607), Pte. M.
Randels (7030), Pte. G.
Robertson (10658), Pte. J.
Ross (10455), Pte. J.
Sargent (11054), Pte. C.
Scarboro (9733), Pte. J.
Shepherd (10336), Pte. P.
Sloan (6897), Pte. W.
Smith (10337), Pte. J.
Smith (4321), Pte. W.
Smith (10188), Pte. W.
Stedman (10214), Pte. T.
Stovold (9890), Pte. J.
Todd (9905). Pte. D.
Todlins (9842), Lce.-Cpl. W.
Walker (10301), Pte. C.
Walker (9530), Pte. J.
Wightman (11091), Pte. J.

BABIES' BODIES IN TRUNKS

STRANGE DISCOVERY AT EDINBURGH.

Young Domestic Servant Before Court.

Edinburgh, Saturday.

A remarkable case was reported in Edinburgh to-day, when a young woman, twenty-three years of age, appeared before Edinburgh Police Court.

The accused, who is stated to be a domestic servant, was well dressed, and of fresh complexion.

It appears that information reached the police that a trunk had been left by the girl in a boarding-house in which she had lately resided. The suspicions of the landlady that something was wrong having been aroused, the trunk was opened, when she was startled to find that it contained the body of a child, which was in an advanced state of decomposition.

The police were immediately informed, and inquiries were instituted with a view to tracing the whereabouts of the servant girl. She was traced from one place to another, in the course of which the police took possession of another trunk said to belong to her, which had been left at another address.

On this trunk being opened, the body of a second child was discovered. The bodies will be examined by the police surgeon, who will furnish a report on the case.

The circumstances of the case recalled the one which occurred in Edinburgh in March last, when a trunk containing the bodies of three babies was found at Montgomery Street.

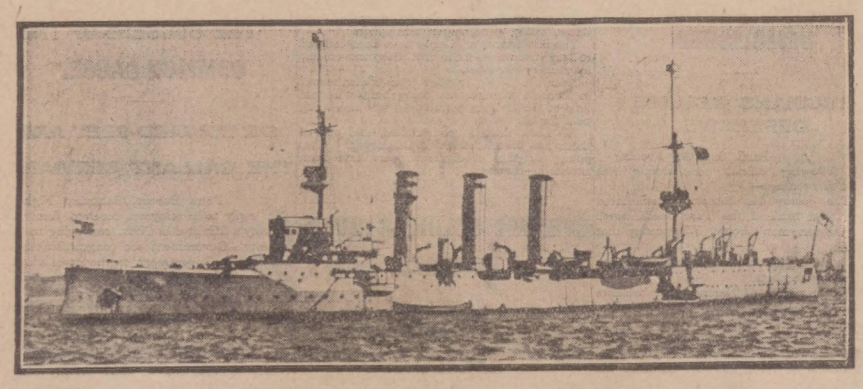
The accused, who was charged with concealment of pregnancy, later in the day made her appearance before Sheriff Macleod at Edinburgh, and was committed to prison pending further inquiries.

ASQUITH AND THE WAR.

Yesterday was the half-yearly audit at Alderly, Cheshire, and the tenants' dinner was made memorable by the presence of Mr Asquith, who is on a visit to Lord Sheffield.

In proposing the toast of "The King" the Premier said we intended, with the Allies' help, to prosecute the war to a victorious conclusion. The King had returned from the front, and he had heard from His Majesty's own lips how profoundly gratified he was at the officers' and men's bearing. During the last few days we had received enormous encouragement from the excellent achievement of the fleet. The men enlisted in the army were of the highest possible class. The army was as fine as that in any campaign in the world's history.

BRITISH NAVAL VICTORY.



The German battleship Dresden that cleared off during the fight. N.I.

SHARP SKIRMISH ON BORDERS

OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

Going to Blot Out the Germans.

London, Saturday Night.

Private David Jones, a well-known athlete, and a member of the London Welsh Rugby team before he was appointed cattle inspector under the British East African Government, writes as follows to a friend regarding the operations:—

"I have been on active service since Aug. 10, and have had an interesting time. I am in the East African Mounted Rifles, and we have been guarding the Border.

"The Germans crossed to British East Africa in August. Then the fun began.

There were with them 150 native soldiers and 34 white men, with two Maxims, but they only got one to work. Firing started at forty yards' range, and the fight lasted twenty minutes. We cleared one way and the Germans another way.

"We lost eight killed and four wounded, also fifteen mules (my mule was killed), and they lost fourteen white and nineteen niggers, and a lot of wounded.

"I was about to start to leave. A friend with me got shot dead through the neck twelve miles to camp. Now we have got Indian troops with us, and mountain guns.

There are about 4000 Germans entrenched about eight miles from us, and we are going to blot them out first."

BURGLAR RAID AT KIRKINTILLOCH.

Mysterious Visitor's Queer Action.

Kirkintilloch, Saturday.

Early this morning the main office of the Nicol Coy., Kirkintilloch, was broken into. Entry was obtained by a small window, and the party had apparently gone through the main office to a small room beyond.

No money was taken or anything disturbed, but as the Nicol Company are understood to have large Government contracts on hand at present the police are making the closest investigations.

It is recorded that one of the incidents which greatly impressed the King during his visit to the firing line was the reluctance of the troops to leave the trenches for their twenty-four hours' rest. They had made themselves so comfortable that the idea of letting "the other fellows" take possession of their cosy corners was positively unbearable!

STOCKBROKERS OVER-JOYED

WHEN BUSINESS IS RESUMED

In New York Stock Exchange.

Coincident with the great naval victory in the South Atlantic, lively scenes were enacted in the New York Stock Exchange.

The floor of the Exchange was thronged with brokers yesterday, says a Reuter telegram, such a sight not having been seen for many years.

The gallery was crowded with visitors to witness the resumption of trading in stocks, of which upwards of 200 issues have been approved by the governors for trading in at fixed minimum prices, while others are barred, notably steels and other so-called international stocks.

The selling of shares quoted below fifteen dollars on July 30 is unrestricted.

The following trading through the Clearing House Committee has been sanctioned, beginning on Monday:—Canadian Pacific, Chicago North-Westerns, New York Central. The market opened strong, but trading was not in keeping with the activity. The transactions in the first quarter of an hour reached 35,000 shares.

GALLANT RESCUE

Of Naval Officer at Harwich.

A naval officer belonging to one of the light cruisers which took part in the battle off the Heligoland Bight was rescued from drowning in the harbour at Harwich in the early hours of yesterday morning.

A Maltese steaman steward was sleeping in his hammock in the after-hatchway when he was awakened by cries for assistance. He rushed on deck in his pyjamas, and, diving into the water, effected a most gallant rescue. He then calmly turned into his hammock.

Up to November 30 more than a million copies of the penny Blue-book on the European war had been disposed of, and the demand is still active.

JOFFRE IS CONSIDERING QUESTION

OF MAKING GENERAL FORWARD ADVANCE.

IMPORTANT RECONNAISSANCE BY ALLIES' AIRMEN.

(BY OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT)

London, Saturday Midnight.

There are indications that the operations in the Western theatre of war may very shortly overshadow even the gigantic struggle that is proceeding in the East.

During the last few days a very elaborate reconnaisance has been carried out of the enemy's lines in Flanders, and the North of France, and the result will probably determine the immediate future course of the Western campaign.

The main object of the airmen attached to the Allied Armies who have been occupied in the reconnaissance has been to ascertain the exact extent to which the Germans have withdrawn troops from the West in order to reinforce General von Hindenburg's desperate effort to repulse the Russian advance on Cracow, and hack his way through to Warsaw.

Such reports on this point as have come through from the Russian Headquarters Staff have not been sufficiently circumstantial to afford data for any reliable estimate.

German divisions which two or three weeks ago were being flung against the British trenches at Ypres are now reported as having made their appearance in Poland, but there is no absolute proof to show whether they are the same men or merely reserve divisions hastily recruited.

Is Forward Move Justified?

That there have been substantial withdrawals from the West nobody doubts.

The question at issue is whether the withdrawals have been on a scale sufficient to give the Allies in the West such a numerical superiority as would justify a general forward advance.

This is the point that is now being decided by the Intelligence Department of General Joffre's Headquarters Staff, where the reports on the airiel reconnaisance are now being weighed and sifted.

Whatever may be the nature of the momentous decision which must be reached in the course of the next few days, it is apparent to any student of the war that the advantage of the offensive has now definitely passed into the hands of the Allies in the West.

During the past week we have heard a great deal about German plans for the resumption of the attempt to break through to Calais. It will have been noticed that all these reports have emanated from Holland, and it is quite clear that the enemy's secret service money is being used to circulate through these Dutch intermediates news which would never be credited if it were circulated through the medium of the German wireless service.

Substantial Advances.

These stories of a fresh advance on Calais were probably designed to cover withdrawals of troops to the East.

Even the renewed German onslaught on Ypres is not really in the nature of an offensive movement. It is merely a counter offensive forced upon the enemy by the steady and persistent pressure now being put on the German trenches all along the lines.

This pressure may or may not prove the beginning of a general forward advance in the West. In any case, the Allies have made substantial advances. It is quite true that these advances have to be measured by yards rather than by miles. But the positions won have in many cases already necessitated the withdrawal of the enemy to fresh lines of defence a considerable distance to the rear of those which they have occupied ever since the line of battle clambered up from the banks of the Aisne to the sea shore.

This is especially the case in the north, where unofficial reports indicate that the British are now nearing the vicinity of Roulers. The possession of Roulers would immediately threaten the enemy's positions near the coast, and its importance has always been recognised by the Germans and by the Allies alike.

The Fighting in France.

If General Joffre decides that the moment is ripe for a general advance in the West, the dispositions for which he must prepare will tend materially to modify the position in the East. Thanks to the reinforcements he has received, and thanks no less signally to those strategic railways in his rear, which enable him to multiply his forces at any given point, General von Hindenburg has contrived to snatch some measure of success from the disaster which at one time threatened to overwhelm him in Poland. His armies are now in possession of Lodz, and though the possession of this great manufacturing town is an event of political rather than of military importance, its capture signalises, from the German point of view, the passing of another milestone on the road to Warsaw.

To Save Warsaw.

Fierce fighting, the reverbrations of which penetrate even to the other suburbs of Warsaw, continues to the east of Lodz. No one believes that the Germans will succeed in reaching their objective. Warsaw is the meeting-place of a network of railways, which are vital to the Russian lines of communication, and the Grand Duke Nicholas would presumably make any sacrifices to prevent the city falling into the hands of the enemy. To what sacrifices, if any, has the Grand Duke already been driven to repulse this German movement of penetration. General von Hindenburg himself has probably realised all along that there was little hope of clearing his way to the Polish capital.

His hope has been so to threaten the city that the Grand Duke Nicholas would be compelled to send forward reinforcements from the South, and so weaken and delay his advance on Cracow. The information at present available does not afford any reliable guide of the extent to which Von Hindenburg's object has been achieved, and we must wait for the fog of war to roll away before attempting to estimate the prospects of the Russian penetration into the industrial districts of Silesia.

The Navy Avenges Itself.

In the meantime Berlin has had little cause for self-congratulation during these last few days, when it looks beyond the battlefields in France and Poland and surveys the happenings in more distant quarters of the world. The cauldron of troubles which she hoped to stir up in Egypt has not come up to her expectations. Such sedition as was to be expected in Egypt has been checked in a manner which, when the facts come to be related, will provide one of the most dramatic incidents of this world war. In South Africa the death of General Beyers has brought that rebellion to a swift and complete collapse.

Over and above all this the British Navy has now established its ascendancy in every quarter of the world. Admiral Cradock and his gallant men, who were so needlessly sacrificed off the coast of Chili, have been avenged by Admiral Sturdee. Germany's Pacific squadron has practically ceased to exist. It has been wiped off the high seas at a cost to the British squadron that annihilated it of only eleven casualties.

The Effects of Victory.

Admiral Sturdee's performance will rank as one of the most glorious in the annals of the British Navy. It is only a month ago since he left London on the task committed to him of seeking out and sinking 7000 miles away the German Pacific squadron which had sent the ill-fated Monmouth and Good Hope to the bottom. These were the suitable dispositions of which Mr Winston Churchill spoke in the House of Commons, and people have not failed to note that they coincided with Lord Fisher's return to his old place at the Admiralty.

The victory may have very important consequences on the military situation as well as on our high seas commerce. Some Naval officers are wondering whether it may tempt that German North Sea fleet to try a fall with Admiral Jellicoe in the belief that the absence of Admiral Sturdee's squadron renders this the time to strike.

But this probability is too good to be true. The Germans know full well that the North Sea yawns for them with funereal jaws if ever they venture out upon it with a real determination to fight.

Only three German cruisers now remain at large on the seas, and their days are surely numbered. German commerce has been not merely crippled, it has ceased to exist. What this must ultimately mean in strangling Germany into submission it would be impossible to exaggerate. "You take my life," said Shylock, "when you do take the means whereby I live."

Failure of Grand Coup.

The more the whole general strategy of the war is considered, the more apparent does it become that the directing Teutonic intellect—patient, indefatigable, unscrupulous, scientific, and crafty—has yet blundered to an almost incredible extent. Germany had all the best of the position at the outset of the campaign. When it comes to robbery with violence the odds are always, other things being equal, on the side of the gentleman with the bludgeon, who waits round the corner in the shadow for his unsuspecting victim to walk up.

And this was really the position of Germany. That has already been pretty clearly established, but, if Italy ever consents to tell all that she knows about the plotting and the planning of the last few years, the truth will be blazoned forth to a wondering universe.

The German politicians, and not the German soldiers, are to blame for the failure of the grand coup. Political considerations have been allowed just sufficient interference in Germany's military plan of campaign to ruin everything.

The plan was to capture Paris, crush France in a month, and to deal with Russia afterwards. But the plot has failed. Some evil genius seems to have dogged Germany from the outset. Perhaps the Kaiser is right after all in his faith in the justice of Providence. Germany's crass error was in tearing up "the scrap of paper."

The Alternative Route.

The direct result of this gigantic blunder was to ruin the whole of Germany's plan right away. There was another plan strongly urged by the military men in Germany, which involved forcing at any cost France's eastern fortress chain from Lorraine.

But political considerations overbore military ones, though the military ones in this case were the far more politic. Germany never expected the resistance she encountered at Liege. Practically the war was lost there.

Belgium's heroic resistance gave France and Britain, and consequently Russia also, just sufficient time to affect the bare minimum that was indispensable to check the German onslaught.

The German politicians never expected Belgium's resistance. But they never meant to respect Belgium's neutrality in any case. Their eyes were fixed on Antwerp from the first. So they tore up the "scrap of paper," and rejected the military

HUMOUR IN TRENCHES AND ON BATTLEFIELD.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS TELL THEIR EXPERIENCES.

A Perthshire officer of a Scottish regiment, who has been invalided home from the front, in describing his experiences, says:—

You would not believe it, but the principal feeling one has during the day in the trenches is that of being intensely bored. The attacks of the enemy are confined to night, when they seem to think that their system of attack in dense column is likely to be more effective and less costly than during the day.

Sitting in the dug-outs, next to a great desire for chocolate, one would give anything for a good novel. When there is not time to dig proper trenches and rain gathers in them, they can be very horrible, but when they are well constructed and dry they are not uncomfortable. One gets quickly accustomed to the continuous shelling of the enemy, though the first feeling was "Shall I be hit?"

Our men are extraordinarily good. One or two have crept right up to the German trenches and brought back valuable intelligence of their dispositions. They are never in better spirits than when there is an attack on: the way they hang on is quite marvellous. On the whole, except for certain crack German regiments, they are ready to take on extraordinary odds. Our men are ever so much better than the average German soldier. Their own splendid personality is invaluable, while they are better shots and are better led than their opponents.

Facetious R.A.M.C. Man.

Private Horace Farrow, of the R.A.M.C., writes:—

No doubt you often wonder how I am getting on with my health tour. As you know, I travelled by way of the Seine (sane), and, strange to say, I have never been right since. Oh, no, I did not see Nancy. I did not call on her, but I got very near to Lille, and after that I paid a short visit to Mons. I must say I did not stay there very long. It was too hot for me. So I took a run down to gay Paris. My boy, I never stopped running—like Charley's Aunt—for 198 miles—you know I'm a bit long-winded—as I had "Jack Johnson" behind me.

I suppose you wonder how we go on for sport. I saw a great game the other day—England v. Germany. We were away from home, but we won easily. When the whistle blew for time their outside-right had no inside left. We put up a fine defence—guns from the R.F.A. They could not get used to the British ball at all. After that there were pictures on the screen (screen)—a great war drama—but the effects were so loud that we went in for a one-man sketch, entitled "Itchy Koo."

We are having a great bun struggle; we have invited Mad Willie, as we have plenty of shrapnel stew, but no dum-dum puddings. I can't say more now, as they are at it again at the door with a coal-box. Are we down-hearted? I say with capital letters, NO!

FOOTBALL SIMILES.

Private P. L. Clenton, 1st King's Liverpool Regiment, writes:—

It reminds me of the old two full backs of the Liverpool team—Dunlop and West. The forwards could never get through. It's just the same with the Germans. They make repeated attacks on the British, but never get through to score.

I was wounded in the trenches. Somebody struck up a conversation about football. Of course, I joined in, backing up my old team the Blues. A few minutes afterwards something struck me in the shoulder. It was like a penalty kick, and so I was knocked out of that conversation, just like Everton was knocked out of the Cup by Glossop. I won't say Everton is the best team again in a hurry.

GOOD SAMARITANS.

British Soldiers Succour Deaf and Dumb Girl.

Lance-Corporal Jack Danton, of the 2d Royal West Surrey Regiment, who was wounded in the thigh during the fighting at Ypres, has been on a visit to his home at Canterbury, and has given a description of how the West Surreys, accompanied by the Gordon Highlanders and South Wales Borderers, carried out a bayonet charge, capturing 600 German prisoners and killing and wounding many others.

"The pathetic sights we witnessed were heartrending. Near Ypres poor refugees had left a deaf and dumb girl in a house. We used to take food to her, until the German shelling became too fierce. Soon afterwards a shell set the house on fire, and the poor, helpless girl must have perished. At Zonobeke, while searching a house for Germans, we came across the body of a woman on the roof riddled with bullets.

"When I was wounded I reckon I had a lucky escape. There were six of us talking to one another when a bullet struck my thigh. I became unconscious, and when I recovered I saw my five chums lying dead around me."

GERMANS DIDN'T LIKE TO READ OF REVERSES.

Private Maguire, of the machine gun section of the 1st Surrey Regiment, in a letter from the front says:—"The last position we were in we were only thirty yards from the Germans. We were pelting them with turnips in a field in which we were entrenched. One day we sent a bully beef tin with a newspaper wrapped round it containing accounts of German reverses and Russian victories. We threw it over, and when they had read it they started a terrific fire, but didn't hit any of us, for we were well under cover."

GERMANS REFUSE TO ACCEPT

CHALLENGE OF BRITISH FLEET

WHICH SWEEPS THE NORTH SEA.

It is understood that the fleet has recently carried out another thorough sweep of the North Sea and, although the fact of its presence was known to the enemy, the latter was apparently not intent on giving battle, even when challenged within easy radius of his own harbours, but is content to wait for some later occasion that might appear to afford him greater advantage.

Carried out with boldness and daring, this tactical reconnaissance over an area that is recognised as beset with many dangers cannot fail to reassure public confidence in our command of the North Sea.

The only hostile craft seen appears to have been a submarine, which was chased and escaped. Otherwise the horizon was scarcely broken, save by a solitary schooner crossing from Norway to Britain and by a Dutch trawler fishing in the neighbourhood of her own coast. Even the seagulls seemed to have deserted these waters that were a few short months ago ploughed daily by so many craft.

A Dangerous Occupation.

That the dangerous service of our mine-sweeping craft, a service carried out with quiet heroism and not always without loss of life, had been carried out with success was evident. These craft had rendered valuable service by clearing the sea of those mines that deal death and destruction to even the most innocent of neutrals.

The policy of our Admiralty in declaring the North Sea a military area is immediately vindicated by the removal thus rendered possible of these floating menaces to property and humanity. No attack, it is stated, was delivered by hostile torpedo craft, although their radius of action and the comparatively short distance which separated the area from their base should have constituted this an opportunity for such an adventure.

Either the offensive qualities of our own destroyer flotillas have had a great effect in deterring the German boats, or else the enemy considered defence of their own ports more urgent than making an attack. However no naval officer would under-estimate the value of this arm of the German service. Contact with its officers and men and observation of their evolutions have established respect for the skill, courage, and technical aptitude of this branch.

Spirit of Our Men.

Suffice it to say that in the latter days of November our fleet has conducted its operations over that broad expanse of waters, the North Sea, and, despite the taunts of the German press, did not find the enemy present, or anxious for battle. Any suggestion that months of warfare by mine and torpedo would deleteriously affect the moral of our officers and men is shown to be ill-founded. The spirit of our men has in actual fact risen, instead of becoming dejected, and, although we have learned not to treat this method of attack with contempt, we cannot suggest that it is regarded with affright. It is merely regarded as a form of danger which must be met and combated.

The news of the sinking of German submarine U18 off the coast of Scotland has given much satisfaction to the fleet. As the incident occurred during daylight in a clear atmosphere, there is room for speculation. News has previously been received of submarines coming to the surface almost alongside destroyers, so it would seem that the presence of small craft is difficult to detect.

One matter is certain—the captain of the vessel that rammed and sank the submarine well deserves the warm praise he received for the bold and energetic initiative he showed by attacking the enemy without hesitation, and effecting the destruction of a redoubtable antagonist.

Hostile submarines have made navigation in northern waters a most precarious undertaking, and their powers of eluding capture and replenishing supplies have been so well demonstrated that one might have been disposed to doubt the veracity of the patrolling vessel's exploit had we not the irrefutable evidence of the captured crew to remove all doubt.

VETERAN WARRIOR OF THE AIR.

BRITISH AIRMAN'S MANY BATTLES.

One of the men who have helped to establish Britain's supremacy of the air at the expense of the enemy is Captain Dawes, of the Royal Flying Corps, who has been awarded the medal of the Legion of Honour.

Home on short leave, Captain Dawes is at present staying with his father, Mr Edwin Dawes, J.P., of Long Sutton, Lincs., where he has been relating his experiences.

Many times he had been above the German lines, and at nearly every fight came across a German aeroplane, but he had, he remarked, yet to see a Zeppelin.

The battles in the air were generally between two machines and he gave a description of a fight he had had with a German Taube.

Coming up behind it, he and his companion flew towards it, firing at the machine all the time. The Taube turned round and dived about 500 feet and started firing at them. They spiralled down after him, at the same time sending more shots at him.

Then the Taube flew back again over the Rhine, and he and his observer returned to the British lines. The encounter took about ten minutes.

Captain Dawes added that the Germans used to send over a large number of aeroplanes, but of late there had not been so many. The Zeppelins had not done anything yet, though he was of opinion that they would be of use owing to the weight they could carry.

Speaking of the work of the British aeroplane, in which he had taken part, he said they had dropped bombs in the fighting lines, railway crossings, and important strategic points, but none on towns—they did not believe in that.

He had had many bullets through his machine, but neither he nor his observer, although often shot at, had ever been hit.

RANJI IS ON HIS WAY TO FRONT

TO HELP BRITAIN TO FIGHT.

The news that Ranji, the ruler of Nawanagar, is on his way to the front with his native Indians to help Britain to fight her battles will recall to many minds the fact that he has also assisted England not once, but many times, on the cricket field against our friends the Australians.

There are doubtless many who know little about the Jam Sahib, excepting that he was a marvellous cricketer, and wrote a great book on his favourite pastime.

It was my privilege to meet Ranji while he was a student at Cambridge University, and I was asked by a firm of publishers to collaborate with him in writing a book on cricket. For this purpose the Indian Prince, as he was then, invited me down to Cambridge to discuss the projected book.

When I arrived I found that Ranji was just recovering from a bad attack of pleurisy that had kept him indoors for six weeks. Strangely enough, he had himself conceived the idea of writing a book on cricket, and along with his secretary had prepared a big pile of manuscript for my inspection.

It did not take me long to decide that Ranji had no need of anyone's assistance, and when I told him that I thought he had already the neucleus of a great work on the summer game he was immensely pleased and gratified.

A Great Success.

I need only add that when the book was finished I sold it for him at a price hitherto unheard of for any work on sport, and I am glad to say that the book was a great success, and a boon both to the publisher and the author. The title of the book was—"The Jubilee Book of Cricket," and was dedicated to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The last time I saw Ranji was at his flat in the West End of London during the Christmas of 1912. He came over early in the year to play cricket for Sussex, and was amazingly successful, considering that he had been out of first-class cricket for some time, and had put on far too much flesh for an athlete.

In India Ranji had a Scottish tutor, and he came to Cambridge when he was about eighteen. He has lived practically as long in England as he has lived in India. Although Ranji at Cambridge devoted most of his time to sport, he is undoubtedly an intellectual. I have rarely known a keener wit or a more subtle debater.

The Jam Sahib is an expert at everything he takes up. He is a brilliant billiardist, a crack shot at pigeons or wild game, an expert fisherman, and a card player capable of holding his own with the leading players in West End clubs.

If Ranji (writer Rover) handles troops as cleverly as he handled the bat Britain has got a brilliant recruit. He is forty-two years of age.

According to the German medical papers, as many as 50,000 "slightly wounded" German soldiers have been sent home from the western battle front in a single week. This total, it is pointed out, "excludes all who were seriously or mortally wounded."

INDIAN SOLDIER GETS THE V.C.

FROM THE KING ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

HISTORIC PRESENTATION

The presentation by the King of the Victoria Cross to a native soldier of the Indian Army has been received throughout India with the greatest enthusiasm.

The occasion was unique, being the first Cross bestowed upon an Indian soldier.

The King promised at the Delhi Durbar that the native troops would be eligible in future for this coveted award in recognition of the long and historic services of the regiments of India to the Crown.

Circumstances were fortunate with regard to the first presentation. The act of heroism happening in France, the King was enabled personally to pin the coveted decoration to the uniform of Naik Darwan Sing Negi, a Hindu of the Garhwal Rifles, from the Himalaya foothills, and not only was His Majesty in a position to do this soon after the perioramance of the deed which earned it, but he was also able to present the Cross on the battlefield within sound and sight of actual operations and before an Indian force. The presentation took place not very far from the area where the decoration was won.

These circumstances have greatly impressed the whole of the Indian Army Corps commanded by General Sir James Willcocks, who rejoice in the good omen, and speak enthusiastically of the incident as showing the "King-Emperor's lucky star."

The First Native V.C.

The Garhwali was not the first man actually to win the decoration, though the first to receive it, as on October 31, in Belgium, Sepoy Khudabad, a Mohammedan, of the 129th Duke of Connaught's Own Baluchis, gained the honour by gallantly fighting his machine gun, although wounded, and when all his companions of the gun crew were killed. He was not able to be present on the field to receive the decoration from the King, having been sent away to a hospital for treatment. But his Victoria Cross, with the King's warm congratulations, will have reached him by this time. A correspondent in France some time ago named another man of a rifle regiment as being the first Indian to win the V.C., but nothing is officially known of this case.

The 39th Garhwal Rifles, to which the first recipient belongs, were raised in Almora in 1887 by Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Mainwaring as the 2d Battalion of the 3d Gurka Regiment. It became the 39th Bengal Infantry in 1890, and added the title "The Garhwal Rifles" two years later. The present designation was adopted in 1901, when a second battalion was raised by Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Evatt.

It is the 1st Battalion to which the V.C. recipient belongs. His actual deed was that of clearing the enemy out of his trench after they had taken it, and shooting or bayoneting every German near him. He was wounded three times, but pushed his way into each successive trench in the face of a deadly close-range fire.

DEADLY EFFECT OF BRITISH FIRE.

GERMAN SOLDIER TELLS HOW NAVAL GUNS

WIPED OUT HIS WHOLE COMPANY.

The following is a translation of a remarkable letter from a German soldier who has returned home wounded, after service in one of the new army corps:—

On August 23 I was summoned to Leipzig, where an entirely new army corps was formed out of soldiers of the first and second bans of the Landwehr, many volunteers aged from seventeen to twenty, and a few volunteers from the Landsturm, aged from thirty-nine to forty-five.

At Ghelume we went straight into the firing line by the side of our Saxon comrades from Leipzig and Chemnitz (19th Corps). Against us we had British naval guns—a really devilish fire on account of its accuracy and deadly effect. One must admit that they are brave gunners. We were well hidden in a large farmhouse, and the broad dining-room of the farmer and his servants, with the entrance room, contained our whole company.

Suddenly, like lightning out of a clear sky, a projectile of 150mm. burst in and exploded with a terrible noise, killing nineteen men and two officers, while thirty-one of my companions were seriously wounded, and about twenty, who were slightly wounded, fled in a panic with the rest of the company, pursued by accurate fire.

A Devilish Fire.

In a moment all officers and non-commissioned officers were dead, prisoners, or vanished. Three hours later I gathered together some thirty of our men, the miserable remains of a company of 250, all of them covered with filth and in a most wretched condition, with no ammunition and half mad. The terrible storm of the ceaseless thunder of the guns lasted for three days and nights.

In order to reach Ypres we had to pass through several villages and beautiful bits of country, where we counted at least 800 corpses—all of them comrades from Saxony, mowed down and killed by the accurate fire of the British artillery. A terrible picture! We wanted to bury the poor bodies, and began to do so, but we were forbidden. "Vorwarts!" cried the commander.

At last, on October 29, we arrived before Ypres. There, in a real hell-battle we lost from our regiment in killed, prisoners, and missing 2200 men. Only a handful escaped with difficulty. We were almost all of us deaf and distraught. I got two bullets in the left shoulder, and a third in the right hip. I lay for three weeks in hospital, like St Lawrence on his gridiron, being unable to rest either on the right side or on the left. Before Ypres we lost two-thirds of our division.

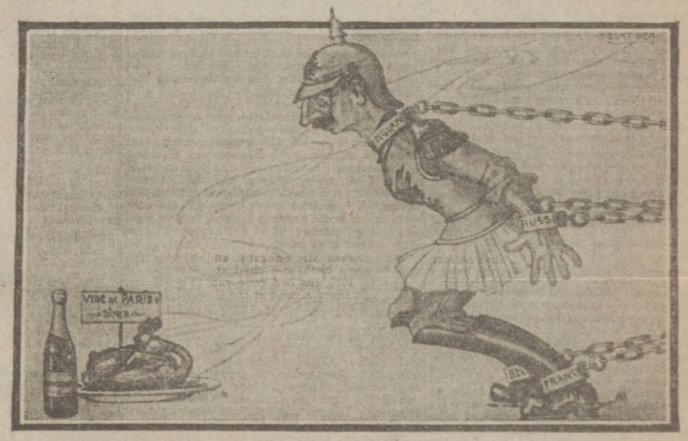
During the South African War a street in one of the Paris districts received the name of "Christian De Wet." It is now proposed that this should be changed to "Rue Lord Roberts."

The Pick of the Cartoons

From the World's Press.

"Der Brummer."

India in flames, according to a German cartoonist. The British soldier is supposed to be exclaiming—"The fire is spreading, and the fire brigade is held up in Europe."



OUT OF REACH!

From an Italian Print.

U. S.: "ISN'T YOUR FRIEND A LITTLE CARELESS WITH FIREARMS?"

New York World.

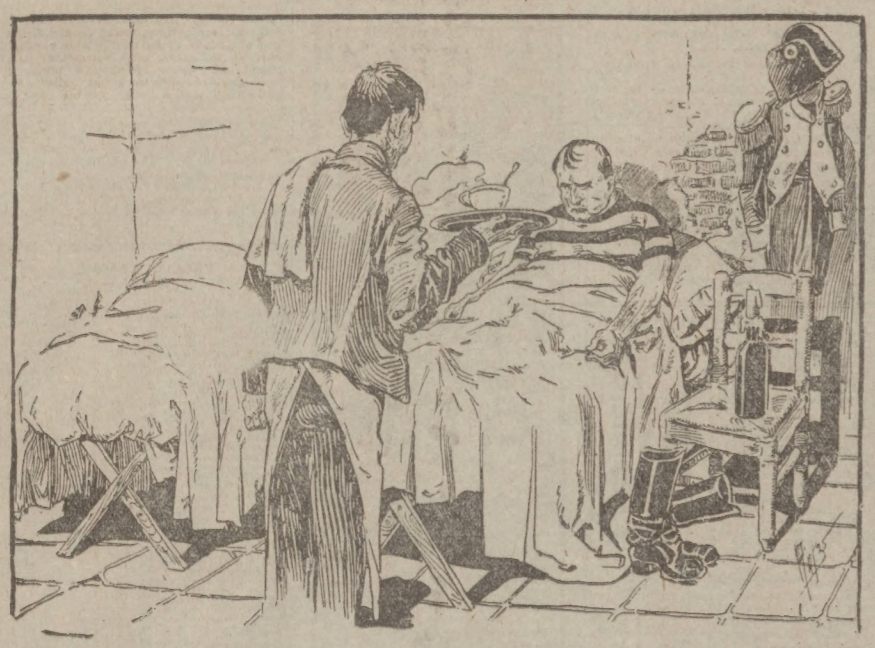
THE TWO "FATHERS!"

Germany and Austria—"Here, fall in! You are our ally."
Italy—"You suited your convenience; I'll suit mine."

Italian Caricatures.

Italy: "I think it's nearly time for me to fall in and hit him too!"

From the Sydney Bulletin.



[From the Argentine paper "Critica."

The Awakening of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Napoleon (arousing himself and noticing the empty bed): "Hasn't William arrived yet?"

THANKSGIVING DAY IN AMERICA.

U.S.—"I guess I'll have to eat my turkey alone."

New York Herald.

THE HAT-TRICK AT DUNDEE AND PARKHEAD.

WHO WILL BREAK THIRD'S HOME RECORD?

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS AT TYNECASTLE.

Partick Thistle had a comfortable win over Aberdeen. The Dons arrived without Anderson, their goalkeeper, and M'Lauchlan, their left half. They lost the early morning train, and play had been in progress half an hour when they took the field.

Meanwhile the Thistle had practically won the match. Brewster was in the Aberdeen goal until the absent Anderson arrived. Walker was withdrawn from the van into the half-back line. So with two middle men, four forwards, and a goalkeeping novice between the sticks the Aberdonians had a particularly trying time in the opening thirty minutes.

As I've said, the game was lost and won in them. Whittle opened the scoring seconds after the kick-off. The centre picked up from the left, and, wheeling into position, right between the backs, he let go, the ball flying into the far corner of the net with Brewster beaten to the wide. This made the Dons gasp, and they had hardly recovered their breath when goal number two was registered. M'Tavish was the marksman. He and Branscombe careered along the left, slipping Chatwin and Wyllie like eels. Mac got possession for the final effort, and he, with a regular first-timer, slashed a beauty clean past Brewster.

Aberdeen, handicapped sorely, made bold attempts to put a better complexion on things. Their outfield work was good, and their defensive tactics sound. When the absentees turned up there had been no more damage done, and with the full number at work the Dons gave as much and sometimes more than they got. But they could not shoot with accuracy worth mentioning.

BLUNDERING BACKS.

The Thistle sprang a surprise at the start of the second half. Wyllie, lying too far forward, made a weak clearance. The ball was swung along again by the Partick forwards. Hume had the right to clear. His clearance, however, was weaker than Wyllie's. The ball was placed right to Whittle's shooting boot, and he made the net shake without a moment's hesitation. But!—and Anderson was picking the ball out of the rigging.

That was all the scoring. It was enough for the Thistle, and far too much for Aberdeen. The Dons played sometimes better with their handicap than their full complement. Anyway, their work tended to shrink as time wore on. The forwards were not great on chances, and, judging the number they refused, the Thistle were scarcely value for a win by three clear goals.

The Tags had a better attack and intermediate line. Whittle, while not showing first-class football, was a harrying centre, keen on seizing opportunities. M'Tavish and Branscombe made the best wing on view. The ex-Falkirk man was very bright, and as heady as he was bright. He nursed Branscombe carefully, and there were some sparkling and speedy left wing runs. It is worthy of note that all the goals came as a result of left wing work. G. S. Ramsay and Gifford were not a strong right flank. All the halves were quick and clever. Caffrey is coming away all right at back. Adams, too, did his bit satisfactory. Campbell was not really tested.

Aberdeen's display was good and bad. Wyllie and Hume did many smart things at back, but Colman was missed. The half-back line was none too strong. Chatwin was as good as any. Main was the best of the forwards. The five did not blend over well, Cail failing as a leader, and the chances they missed were not few.

AYR UNITED'S GOOD WIN.

Ayr United added Dundee's scalp to their girdle.

Dens Park was wind-swept. With the breeze in the first half, the Chickens soon got on the move. Middleton rounded his back and squared. Richardson was on the ball like a crow on a worm, and Masterton had a hot shot with which to deal. He dealt with it grandly. Billy Hogg filled the eye later with excellent football, but he had no luck. It was a ding-dong game. The homesters put up a stiff resistance. Burns made a mistake, which the ever-watchful Richardson was ready to take advantage of. Like a flash he drove for goal, but Masterton again distinguished himself, saving in grand style.

Soon after Dundee scored. Hogg began the movement as he began most. The Ayr defence was outwitted, and a scrimmage ensued in a semi-packed goal. Lyall tried desperately to catch a shot by Adams, but he failed, and first blood was drawn by the homesters.

This did not disturb Ayr, who were soon prominent in attack. And they soon got on level terms. Niven, from right half, let go. The shot shook the bar and came back into play. And there, of course, was friend Richardson, who promptly headed the ball past the Dundee goalie. The United resumed the pressure, and gave the Dundonians a little more than they got. But Dundee fought well against the wind and a jolly good side.

BRAINY CHICKENS.

Ayr began the second period as if bent on settling the issue speedily. Masterton was kept busy. Richardson led the attack brainly, and with twelve minutes gone he wound up a natty piece of play by heading a second goal. But Dundee were far from being finished. Hogg was slap-bang in the picture, and from his pass Cargill piloted the ball into the net. Play swung briskly from end to end. Brown had a pinch, which he refused. The United defence beat back half a dozen desperate attacks. The Ayr came into view with a determined assault, the sequel to which was a goal by Richardson, who thus had the "hat trick" to his credit. Dundee roused themselves, but could make nothing of Ayr's defence.

The United won on their merits. Richardson was the best forward on the field. He was the splendid leader of a brainy van. Dainty did well against his old club, and along with Niven and M'Lauchlan made a firm half-back line. Bell and M'Stey were reliable as usual, and Lyall showed his former masters that he was far from being a spent force.

Dundee were best served by Masterton, Cargill, M'Intosh, and Hogg, who, however, was more or less neglected in the second period.

THIRD LANARK AND HIBS.

A strong wind had a spoiling effect on this game. Thirds had the pull first half, and scored two goals. Hibs predominated in the second, and equalised, Lennie scoring both goals.

Thirds still hold their home record. It was touch and go on this occasion, but who will break it? Allan's double save in the first half really kept the Thirds from scoring when it was their due. However, Smith's solo run and shot broke the spell. This was followed by a second from Brown in a mix-up at Hibs' goal.

Hibs forced the pace in the second period, and Brownlie saved. Thirty minutes elapsed before they scored. A free kick on the penalty line was taken by Paterson. The ball struck the crossbar and rebounded to Clark, who shot, but Brownlie saved. He did not clear, however, and Lennie had the ball in the net before he could recover.

A nice movement by Hendren accounted for the equaliser. His pass out to W. Smith allowed the outside man to send in a perfect centre, which Lennie accepted, and with a first-time effort Brownlie was beaten all the way. The elements were against combination, and any attempts, most of which came from the Hibs, were generally spoiled with the strong, gusty wind. A draw just about indicated the run of the game, with Hibs, if anything, having the pull.

The Thirds were best supplied by Brownlie, Lennen, Swift, and Mountford, while Hibs defence all round, especially Allan, was capital. Lennie and Hendren were the stars in attack.

CELTIC'S "FIVE."

The Parkhead winning record was never in danger in their game with Queen's Park.

Up against a wind of considerable velocity, Crone had three goals, and that settled the issue. Queen's team was built on usual "war" lines, while Gallacher and M'Menemy did not turn out for the Greens. Quinn led the attack with M'Coll as partner to Browning. The altered front rank palmed off all right, as the newcomers between them held the five goals.

Queen's opened somewhat promisingly with strong play on the right, but Morton and M'Laren were soon mastered by M'Master and Crone drew first blood. The opening goal was the result of a corner, and Crone's side-slip which carried the point had Gordon Kerr at his wits' end. The second goal from the Belfast Celtic man was a lovely effort, and reminded me of Bowie's effort versus St Mirren. A side pass from M'Atee, and we watched Kerr being beaten all the way with a long-range shot, which found the corner of the net. Crone's third was good enough for anything. Left wing play led up, and Quinn gave way to a man better placed, and Kerr was again beaten with the help of the cross-bar. Queen's tactics were all wrong when they had the wind. The forwards one and all hung on to the ball waiting for M'Nair and Dodds to act the role of spoilers, and there was a distinct want of vim in their shooting.

THE COMING OF QUINN.

Quinn came into his own in the latter forty-five, and he had two goals. His first was a characteristic left-foot drive—a regular old-timer. Fine left-wing play gave Quinn his chance, and as made no mistake, though his try was from a difficult angle. Then followed Queen's one and only. We saw Laidman round M'Nair, Shaw challenged him, but the Kirkintilloch man drove straight for goal, and proved a counter. Quinn got the fifth in the closing minutes, and Celts ran out winners looking round.

Queen's are to be commended for their rally towards the finish, which shows that Trainer John Nutt has credit by his b'hoys. Shaw did his part well. He never shrank at a daring save. M'Nair and Dodds were good, without being brilliant. M'Master was the pick of the halves. Sunny Jim seems to feel the pace; M'Atee was off his game; Crone clever, and paid his way with the hat trick; M'Coll and Browning blended well, and as a wing they were not excelled; Quinn still knows his way to goal, and parts with profit.

Though beaten five times, Gordon Kerr played to reputation, and was ably supported by T. B. Kerr and Wilson. Thorpe was the outstanding half, with Allan Morton and Laidman the best front rankers. Sankey, the Quarry Brae schoolboy Internationalist, did his part well in class circles, and may be reckoned a "comer." Beaten, but not disgraced, as Mr Strang and the Queen's can say, as they have all the credit in an endeavour to keep the flag flying despite an enlistment of over forty from their forces.

SAINTS SCRAMBLE HOME.

St Mirren managed it. They beat Hamilton Academicals at Love Street by the only goal in the match. It was not a good game. The high wind which blew throughout entirely robbed play of all the finer touches. It was, however, a very keen game, and the exchanges were healthy and vigorous.

The "Accies," against the wind to start with, pressed in surprising fashion, and Kelly missed a pinch. The Saints got agoing later, but they were poor stuff in the danger zone. Occasionally Watson, the Hamilton goalkeeper, had to handle, but on the whole the Saints' shooting was bad.

Hamilton's wing men were 'cute, and gave the Love Street defence no end of trouble. O'Hagan had his hands full time after time. In the second period the homesters were seen to more advantage. Brown just missed. O'Hagan saved sensationally. St Mirren took the lead ten minutes from the close, Brannick scoring. Both sides did best against the breeze. To criticise the players in the circumstances would scarcely be fair, but in justice to the "Accies" it is right to say that a draw would have been a fitting result.

FINE TEAM—MORTON.

Morton were easily the masters of Clyde at Greenock, and they lived up to their reputation of being one of the best teams in the League.

They had the wind in the first half, and at once were on the attack, M'Turk having to look slick. Clyde's defence was very stubborn, and although Morton pressed, and better than pressed, they could not overcome Gillighan & Co. until the trick was done by little Seymour. He got the ball, and working into position, found the net with a very brave shot. Clyde replied heartily, and Owers was robbed just in the nick of time. Morton pressed severely and almost continuously, but Clyde's defence stood firm for a while. Then Gourlay netted. The best football was seen in the second half, when Morton showed up wonderfully against the wind, and were easily the superior side.

Motherwell gave a very bright display against Falkirk.

KILLIE'S HARD CHEESE.

It was a tough game at Kilmarnock.

The homesters had the wind with them. Rangers were repeatedly on the defensive, and more than once danger threatened. Afterwards the Light Blues came into the eye with fine attacking work. Killie's defence had a lively minute or two. Afterwards the home van was very prominent, but Rangers' half-back line was very steady. Andrew Cunningham burst through, and shot in like a rocket, Lock making a stunning save.

This was followed by keen and clever footwork by the visiting forwards, who were ably backed by their halves. Killie's defence stood a severe stretch, and thereafter Lock & Co. were kept very watchful. The high wind caused lots of mistakes, and good shooting was well nigh out of the question. At the Kilmarnock end Mitchell flashed in a beauty, which was just too wide. Then Cunningham had another unsuccessful try. Rangers were quick and clever in the open, as were the homesters, but there was nothing doing in the finishing line.

Rangers forced matters on resuming. Kilmarnock made a spirited and sensational reply. Cunningham drove in a hot thing. Lock caught the globe, but let it slip from his hands. He recovered quickly, but Killie claimed that the ball had been over the goal line. The referee refused the claim. Cairns gave the Rangers the lead with a lovely shot, and afterwards the Glasgow men, with the breeze, had the better of the going.

It was a scrappy game, with little between the teams. Rangers' experience pulled them through, but nothing will convince Kilmarnock supporters that the ball was not through after Lock fooled Cunningham's shot. Both teams excelled when facing the wind, and had Kilmarnock shared the points it could not have been grudged by Rangers. Light Blues' best—Logan, Cairns, and Gordon; for Kilmarnock—Miller, Slimmon, Hamilton, and Cunningham.

HEARTS V. AIRDRIE.

It was a bit of a rough-and-tumble game at Tynecastle. A good set-off by Airdrie was counter-balanced by successive raids on the Hearts' right wing, and after ten minutes' play Wattie lifted the ball into goal, which Brown did not expect.

The equaliser was unexpected, but not undeserved. Currie had badly fouled Paton, and Donaldson's header was no more than the "free" deserved.

Subsequently Hearts got ahead, but rather easily, Gane's weakness giving away an easy thing for Graicie, and Low profiting by more weakness on the part of the defence. Gane added further to the Hearts' total. Accidents on the field were numerous, Reid, Gracie, and Miller having to retire in rotation.

While slightly the better side, Hearts were scarcely value for the 3-1 victory. Good play by Airdrie's inside forwards deserved a better fate. Mackie and Gane were weak, the Englishman especially so. At half until he was hurt Miller held the palm in the mid line.

Hearts' forwards won the game, and none did better than Wattie and Low. Scott was the most energetic back on the field, and vied with Nellies for premier honours. Crossan and Currie played the man too much to be appreciated, but the decisions of Referee Binnie were generally very near the mark.

Raith Rovers' pressure against Dumbarton went for nothing. They had the most of the play, but the Sons were the 'cuter in shooting. Hamilton kept goal well for the winners, whose goals were got by Brown and Gettins. Rovers got their goal from a penalty. After the Sons got their second goal the Fifers lost heart. They had certainly little of the luck which was agoing. Dumbarton played a robust game, in which there were lots of fine points. Raith failed in spirit at an uphill fight, and the points accordingly went to the Rock.

CONSIDERED AND CONCISE CRITICISMS OF YESTERDAY'S GAMES

Celtic Still on the Midlothian Track.

Motherwell Have No Mercy on the "Bairns."

There'll be a fell bit meetin' on Tiesday.

Listen to the Throstles. West Bromwich, 2; Chelsea, 0. The "Pensioners" were deal to their "lay."

Clapton Orient got lost in Notts Forest yesterday. It almost snows like the "Babes in the Wood."

What a wiping out! Motherwell, 4; Falkirk, 1. Still, when you come to think of it, what can you expect from Bairns?

Why can't Raith Rovers win matches at home? The crowd can cackle, and the majority of the players put it down to that.

Billy Hogg is receiving applications from innumerable regiments for disused footballs. The Dundee man has done his duty.

It was no more than you expected that Morton should slip it across the Clyde. They know a little about navigation down Cappielow way.

Dundee people are wondering why it is that Dundee parted with Collie Martin, their "certain" forward. His record speaks for itself.

All is not well with Manchester United. They are not united; that's wherein the trouble comes. Can't J. J. B. disarrange the tangle?

I can forecast with absolute certainty trouble between at least one player and his club unless they "stump up" according to his agreement. Wait for the fireworks.

Crawford, Dundee Hibs right half, is still going strong at the front. He was at Mons, and up till now has come out without a scratch.

Blackpool are in a puddle. The Fishers got a catch yesterday, the while the Hull City, their near neighbours, were telling Barnsley all about it.

Preston are at the North End of the table this week. All the artillery of the Arsenal could not take effect. Only once did they record a hit.

Military training does not seem to be agreeing with the Raith players. To go down at Stark's Park by 2-1 to Dumbarton will send some people stark staring mad.

Did you ever hear what the gate was at Dens Park when Third Lanark were the visitors? £54 at the gate and £13 at the stands. No wonder the welkin didn't ring.

Wind, they say, is air in a hurry. What do you think is the deservings of that particular mixture which spread itself around at Dens Park? It was some "fine," but we'll let them off.

A great many of the multitude that attended the match between Manchester United and Sheffield United left long before the match was finished. They were disgusted—absolutely!

Tommy Gracie is playing awfully well just now. I remember Ned Tarbat telling him that he was a player who only had to be "understood." Evidently M'Cartney understands him.

Wasn't that a strange thing on the part of the Scottish League to ask that any player not agreeable to the proposed motion of wages should be reported to the governing body? Was it British?

The lowly Hibs weren't expected to do anything at Cathkin. They showed, however, that, bands and all, there were more warriors at Easter Road than there were at Cathkin. Am I wrong?

Aberdeen players have to be knocked up at 5.30 a.m. when they travel to the West. They leave Aberdeen at 6.45 a.m., travel 153 miles, and are supposed to be in trim for a team that is waiting for them.

Celtic got five goals against Queen's—and yet they did not rub it in! There is an accusation, of course, that when a certain club is in the same position they don't spare themselves. Sorry, can't speak.

Most players have their off day. Did you happen to see M'Atee against Queen's Park? Andy was out of it. He knows that himself. The beauty of it, however, is that he can "come back."

Bolton did not half let themselves go. Middlesbro' people, of course, will want to know why the defence failed, and it's two to one they'll never trouble about why the attack faltered. That's the football way. You must understand.

Huddersfield Town will have to take care of the vulnerable position which they occupy at present. Of course, Birmingham was a dangerous town to visit yesterday. They export "small arms" from there in large quantities.

Look out for one or more of our Scottish players taking action over the question of the reduction of wages. They don't mind the little less which they will be called upon to contribute, but they do object to the manner in which the demand has been made.

The Glasgow and district players are not taking kindly to the proposed reduction of their wages. They have done so much that some of them feel that others might help them in their contributions to the war funds. All who run may read.

There were Lodz of goals yesterday. In Scotland we got thirty-four in the First Division. The Englishmen in the same division across the Border turned out four. There won't be any International matches this season, or we would let them know what for! Ambulance!!

It's quite a new thing for Newcastle United to be exultant over the result of any victory, but the "Geordies" were in their "element" when they left the town, which, I once heard Tom Paton, of Bradford City, say, was "a town without a soul." There may be an upper or two left.

George M'Lay, of Raith Rovers, perpetrated a rather good joke just before he took the field against Dumbarton. Said he—

"Boys, I believe the Kaiser is fed up with Calais!"

"Oh," observed Harry Anderson.

"Yes, he's travelling N.B."

I happened to meet Dundee Hibs on their way West to meet Vale of Leven.

A humorous friend observed to the Hibernian manager that in the camp, partaking of our hospitality, there was one whom I thought belonged to Holland.

"No," said Pat, looking at his client carefully, "he belongs to Boland."

Inquiries are solicited.

Herbert Dainty got many congratulatory handshakes at Dundee to-day. He was captain, of course. He contributed a very great deal to the result. And—after—(all) there is the comforting reflection that he won against a team which did not deem him worthy of re-signing; either that, or they did not understand Herbert Dainty. The same Ayr skipper has his chart carefully adjusted.

Rattler M'Kenzie, of Partick Thistle, is ready to start.

Leeds City, 7; Leicester Fosse, 2. — No comment required.

LEADING RESULTS.

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Partick Thistle,	3	Aberdeen,	0
Hearts,	3	Airdrieonians,	0
Dundee,	2	Ayr United,	3
Celtic,	5	Queen's Park,	1
Morton,	2	Clyde,	0
Raith Rovers,	1	Dumbarton,	2
Motherwell,	4	Falkirk,	1
St Mirren,	1	Hamilton Acas.,	0
Third Lanark,	2	Hibernian,	2
Kilmarnock,	0	Rangers,	1

Second Division.

Albion Rovers,	0	Cowdenbeath,	1
East Stirlingshire,	3	Abercorn,	2
Vale of Leven,	1	Dundee Hibs,	1
Dunfermline Athletic,	1	Clydebank,	0
Arthurlie,	1	Johnstone,	3
Lochgelly United,	0	Leith,	0

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Blackburn Rovers,	2	Newcastle United,	3
Bolton Wanderers,	4	Middlesbrough,	0
Bradford,	1	Liverpool,	0
Everton,	4	Manchester City,	1
Manchester United,	1	Sheffield United,	2
Oldham Athletic,	3	Aston Villa,	3
Sunderland,	3	Burnley,	0
Notts County,	1	Tottenham Hotspur,	2
Sheffield Wednesday,	3	Bradford City,	2
West Bromwich A.,	2	Chelsea,	0

Second Division.

Arsenal,	1	Preston North End,	2
Birmingham,	1	Huddersfield Town,	0
Clapton Orient,	0	Notts Forest,	0
Fulham,	0	Wolverhampton Wan.,	1
Derby County,	3	Barry,	0
Grimsby Town,	2	Blackpool,	0
Hull City,	3	Barnsley,	1
Lincoln City,	2	Bristol City,	0
Leeds City,	7	Leicester Fosse,	2
Stockport County,	2	Glossop,	1

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Bristol Rovers,	2	Portsmouth,	3
Croydon Common,	1	Luton Town,	2
Millwall Athletic,	1	Swindon Town,	2
Northampton,	2	Brighton and Hove A.,	1
Plymouth Argyll,	2	Norwich City,	0
Queen's Park Ran.,	4	Southend United,	2
Reading,	1	Exeter City,	0
Southampton,	4	Cardiff City,	0
Watford,	4	Gillingham,	0
West Ham United,	1	Crystal Palace,	2

QUALIFYING CUP.

Semi-Final.

St Johnstone,	1	St Bernard,	4

GLASGOW RESERVE CUP.

Q.P. Strollers,	0	Thirds A,	0

SCOTTISH RESERVE CUP.

Clyde A,	3	Falkirk A,	1

RESERVE LEAGUE.

Rangers A,	2	Partick Thistle A,	3
Ayr United A,	2	Kilmarnock A,	0
Dumbarton Harp,	2	Hearts A,	0
Stevenston United,	0	Motherwell A,	1

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

King's Park,	2	Kirkcaldy United,	0
Arbroath,	1	Bathgate,	0

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.

Benburb,	1	Larkhall Thistle,	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Vale of Clyde,	2	Cambuslang Rangers,	0
Bellahill Athletic,	0	Tradeston Juniors,	2
Shettleyde,	1	Shettleston,	2
Rob Roy,	2	Parkhead,	1

Game abandoned.

Petershill,	0	Maryhill,	1
Glencairn,	1	Ashfield,	1

Two Cheery Clyde Players—Thomson and M'Turk.

Everton are quite confident that they are the "Toffee" team of our time.

Bury lost to Derby by a head. There were a lot of good runners there, too.

There is evidently a bite in the St Bernard yet. St Johnstone were out of it from first to start.

"Inquirer"—Yes, Chaplin, who plays for Dundee Hibs, is the youngest brother of his more famous brothers, James and John.

Porter, of the Rovers, was always a good defender, but I believe if he met any of the Kaiser's crew he would offend them.

There was an informal meeting among football players yesterday evening. Perhaps it was about the weather. Perhaps!

Haven't the Scottish rather muddled their own affairs? Send a p.o. to Jimmy Galt. No doubt he would be pleased to receive same.

Although Dundee were defeated, they put up a very "spirited" game against Ayr United. Perhaps it was for Herbert Dainty's benefit.

No wonder all lights are out in Jutsopolis. Never mind about the reduction of players' wages; there might be a sale of nets at Dens Park soon.

West Ham United did not crack "the glass house." They had more sense. The Crystal Palace people would have "taken them up." Police!

They keep on telling you that big-hearted Bob Mercer will have some difficulty in regaining his place. I was never a lover of fiction.

Celtic's victory—what a smash-up!—took them no nearer the leaders, for where Queen's failed Airdrie also went under. Why did they get out and do it?

How many Glasgow First League players have joined the colours? Count them on your fingers. Queen's Park are excluded. They are doing their part nobly.

The score at Cathkin was 2-2. Too-too!! was whistled at Crosshill long before the referee's whistle went. The fellows who caught that train had had enough.

Oldham Athletic, Aston Villa, Sheffield Wednesday, and Bradford City scored twelve goals between them. The "City" and the "Villa" might have made more of it.

Bobby Parker scored three goals against Manchester United yesterday. All in the second half, too. Bobby, our Bobby, had evidently been very much in the park.

It'snow fair to suggest that the Wasps were defeated by the few flakes that were flying about at Firhill. They were a beaten team even when all hands were on deck.

Aberdeen arrived in Glasgow yesterday with only nine men. No wonder the northern men were two down when the others took the field. I shall later on tell you "the tale of a taxi."

Oldham are loosening their grasp of the championship. They only drew 3-3 with the Villa. It was a rare tight match. With a bit of luck the points might have gone "Brum" way.

According to my reckoning, there is not a better goal-scoring team in Britain than Bolton. Figures don't support me all the way, but they give me a good help. Have a look.

Millwall do something when once they get a start. Their difficulty is to get off their mark. Swindon almost made mincemeat of them yesterday. Yet the Railwaymen only won by 2-1.

Queen's Park Rangers are quite happy today, and the gardens are looking lovely, thanks to their efforts. But why didn't they start at the South End? (Solution of puzzle—See results!!)

I have a tooth which is very troublesome. Grossert, of the Hibs, invites me to come and see him. He is an expert dentist, but I do wish he were out when I called. Toothache! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!

Donald Colman could not take the field against the Thistle because of a severe chill, which he contracted in the game against Celtic. Jock Wyllie tells me he never went through an experience like it.

Tottenham had their spurs on yesterday. "Time tilt," as the Aberdeen man would say. To beat Notts County was quite a good performance. It's true the finery men were beginning to "lace" themselves up.

Dundee was a dismal city yesterday. The happiest men at the close of the match at Dens Park were Herbert Dainty and Jack Lyall. The general verdict, however, is that the Ayrshire men were lucky.

We are not all Queen's supporters, but we cannot but support the call which comes from them. Brave lads! Would that all of us could be in the firing line. We'd knock blazes out of them.

It was thought that Airdrieonians would put up a better show at Tynecastle. What in the world has come over Reid? Is he not receiving the same backing or what? Jimmy, I believe, could say, but he is such a silent man.

The Dons were two down in a jiffy at Firhill, and I might say there will be an immediate order placed at Pittodrie for alarm clocks. Goalkeeper Anderson and Half-Back M'Lauchlin slept in. That's the worst of sticking to Greenock instead of Greenwich time.

Jock Wyllie is one of the best of Scotland's centre half's, but as a back he would hardly make a back to a waistcoat. He was very feeble at Firhill. Sorry I am to have to say it. Colman would have been better in Jock's place, and Brewster would have been better in another position to allow of Jock coming in.

What I would like to know particularly is what the S.F.A.—these, these—oh, leave, leave them alone!—is to do with the accumulated funds at their command when they have finished their appeal. Why—I ask with all the emphasis of which my pen is capable—why should the "labelled" chaps get off? We are all libelled.

At Perth yesterday morning a rather good joke was perpetrated while the "football people" were about. A rather poor-looking chap strode along. The maid behind the bar was rather compassionate.

"Are you a Belgian?" she asked.

"No," was the reply. "I'm a tinker."

And the tinker went on his way. What a scream!

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Hearts,	19	17	1	1	44	12	35
Celtic,	19	14	2	3	47	16	31
Morton,	19	10	6	3	31	21	23
Rangers,	18	11	5	2	34	19	24
Ayr United,	19	10	6	3	28	20	23
Motherwell,	19	9	9	1	28	27	19
Airdrieonians,	18	7	8	3	22	30	17
Hamilton Acas.,	17	7	7	3	27	22	17
Partick Thistle,	17	6	6	5	26	24	17
Third Lanark,	17	5	6	6	23	22	16
Falkirk,	18	6	8	4	23	26	16
Dumbarton,	19	6	9	4	29	38	16
Hibs,	19	5	9	5	26	37	15
Dundee,	19	5	9	5	17	32	15
Raith Rovers,	19	5	9	5	21	32	15
Clyde,	17	6	9	2	18	24	14
Kilmarnock,	18	6	11	1	25	31	13
Aberdeen,	19	5	11	3	21	35	13
Motherwell,	18	5	11	2	25	38	12
Queen's Park,	18	3	10	5	20	36	11

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath,	15	10	1	4	32	17	24
Leith,	16	8	4	4	32	27	20
Clydebank,	16	8	6	2	25	24	18
Dunfermline Athletic,	15	7	4	4	21	15	18
East Stirlingshire,	11	6	1	4	15	14	16
St Bernard,	15	7	6	0	19	22	14
Albion Rovers,	13	6	6	1	17	16	13
Abercorn,	16	4	6	6	26	36	14
St Johnstone,	11	5	5	3	22	22	13
Johnstone,	13	4	6	3	21	25	11
Dundee Hibs,	17	5	11	1	24	44	9
Vale of Leven,	13	2	7	4	18	30	8
Lochgelly United,	12	3	6	3	9	16	9
Arthurlie,	11	1	7	3	14	24	5

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Oldham Athletic,	16	10	2	4	39	23	24
Manchester City,	17	9	3	5	29	19	23
Everton,	17	9	4	4	38	17	22
Blackburn Rovers,	17	8	5	3	39	25	21
Sheffield Wednesday,	17	8	5	4	25	22	20
Bradford City,	17	7	4	6	35	25	20
Aston Villa,	16	7	5	4	28	28	18
West Bromwich A.,	17	7	5	5	24	20	19
Bradford,	16	8	7	1	24	30	17
Middlesbrough,	16	4	4	8	22	27	16
Newcastle United,	16	7	6	3	29	32	17
Sheffield United,	16	5	6	5	19	19	15
Sunderland,	16	7	8	1	27	35	15
Burnley,	16	6	8	2	21	27	14
Bolton Wanderers,	18	6	10	2	38	44	14
Liverpool,	17	4	8	5	27	40	13
Chelsea,	16	4	8	4	16	31	12
Tottenham Hotspur,	17	4	9	4	24	41	12
Manchester United,	16	3	9	4	17	28	10
Notts County,	17	3	12	2	8	28	8

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Derby County,	19	11	3	5	32	11	24
Huddersfield Town,	17	10	3	4	26	15	24
Preston North End,	17	8	4	5	23	19	21
The Arsenal,	18	8	6	4	32	25	20
Lincoln City,	16	8	5	3	29	19	19
Barnsley,	16	8	6	2	18	22	18
Barry,	16	8	6	2	31	30	18
Birmingham,	17	8	7	2	26	19	18
Bristol City,	16	7	5	4	29	22	18
Fulham,	17	8	7	2	27	21	18
Hull City,	17	7	7	3	28	27	17
Wolverhampton Wan.,	17	7	7	3	27	21	17
Grimsby Town,	17	6	6	5	17	28	17
Stockport County,	17	6	6	5	17	26	17
Clapton Orient,	17	5	6	6	19	20	16
Lincoln City,	17	6	8	3	20	26	15
Notts Forest,	17	5	8	4	24	29	14
Leeds City,	17	5	8	4	29	27	14
Blackpool,	16	5	10	1	17	28	11
Leicester Fosse,	17	4	11	2	17	35	10
Glossop,	17	3	11	3	16	35	9

BIG CLUB SUPPORTERS' STRANGE CONDUCT.

GREAT SURPRISES AT BLACKBURN AND BOLTON.

BOBBY PARKER DOES THE HAT-TRICK AGAIN.

The surprise packet was supplied at Blackburn, where the Rovers were beaten by Newcastle United.

Bolton Wanderers brought off a splendid win at Burnden Park, where Middlesbrough were mopped up.

Everton and Bradford move from success to success, and both are climbing the table steadily.

Both Manchester City and Oldham came croppers, and changes in the leadership before the New Year are quite on the cards.

Derby County are well away in the Second Division, with Huddersfield Town struggling to keep next place.

Leeds City came out of their shell at last. They wiped Elland Road with the Fossils of Leicester, who were drubbed by 7-2.

Bradford, - - 1 Liverpool, - 0

At Park Avenue, Bradford, in miserable wet weather, before 8000 spectators. The home forwards executed a series of splendid movements, keeping up an almost incessant bombardment. Kirby hit the upright on one occasion, and the Liverpool goalkeeper effected several clever saves, principally from Bauchop, who, with M'Candless, led most of Bradford's attacks. The Liverpool forwards were not idle, but they had few chances. Half-time result—Bradford, 0; Liverpool, 0.

Bradford took the lead eighteen minutes after the restart, M'Candless scoring with a fast low shot, which hit the base of the upright. From the amount of the attacking they did the home team's score should have been much heavier. Liverpool were completely outplayed, and were rarely dangerous. Scott saved them from a severe defeat, but Bradford shooting was anything but good, Kirkby on one occasion missing an open goal.

Sheffield W., 3 Bradford City, 3

In miserable weather, before 10,000. Bradford won the toss, and play opened very even, end to end play being the order. The ball soon became very heavy. W ednesday got away on the right wing, Glennon and Kirkman getting close in, Glennon put across to Wilson, who, being unmarked, easily scored. Bradford rushed through, Logan passing to Fox, who gave Shepherd an opening to equalise. Half-time—Sheffield Wednesday, 1; Bradford City, 1.

Bradford forced the attack and the Wednesday appeared beaten. Shepherd missed with a hot shot after a good effort. Bond, however, got through, scoring with a good shot. Bradford came again, Shepherd adding a third, with Davidson beaten. Wednesday then broke through, Bricklebon attempting a rather long shot, which Ewart fumbled, the ball going into the net. Wednesday now had the best part of the game, M'Lean equalising with an oblique shot.

**Manchester U., 1

BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK.

The Beginning of the Story.

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, undertakes the task of going to Berlin to rescue his sweetheart.

Ellice Remington, the daughter of a wealthy engineer. Ellice had set out for Germany before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of

Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner. Gaylor is in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities received a mysterious code telegram announcing that war was certain. This telegram was signed by

Herr Baumeister, who is chief of the German spy organisation, and whom Dick Carrick cleverly dodges shortly after his arrival in Belgium.

Dick ultimately arrives in Berlin, where he has several narrow escapes, and discovers that Ellice is a prisoner in a private lunatic asylum.

By adopting a clever ruse Dick succeeds in getting his sweetheart out of the tools of the asylum doctor, who was plotting, along with the Gaylors and Baumeister, to get a huge sum of money from Ellice's father for her release.

The lovers, now happily united, afterwards meet old friends in Monsieur and Madame Henri Beautemps, actors, belonging to one of the best theatrical companies in Paris.

Dick is also befriended by Percival Carton, a secretary at the American Embassy, and Hans Friebaum, who had acted as valet to Gaylor in London, and is now a secret service agent in Berlin, though in reality he is friendly towards Britain. With the help of his friends, Dick leads Herr Baumeister a fine dance.

Hans tells Dick about the pitiful plight of a young English couple—Mr and Mrs Dayre—who had been arrested on their honeymoon. Mrs Dayre is sentenced to be shot as a spy, but Dick brings about her release and escape from Berlin in company of a trainload of Americans being sent off by Mr Carton, of the American Embassy.

Dick afterwards goes to see the interned Britishers and succeeds in bribing the sentry. While he is speaking to Edward Dayre the Kaiser appears on the scene, and Dick goes up to him, saying, as he takes off his soft Homburg hat—

"Sir, I guess you don't remember me, but we've met before."

Several Germans are about to rush forward and seize Dick, when the Kaiser holds up his hand.

The Royal Command.

"WAIT, wait!" he said in his deep, guttural voice, speaking in German, of course, to those nearest to him—Dick was near enough to hear quite distinctly. "He's an American, I think We must speak to him. Bring him forward!"

Two of the Kaiser's staff stepped up to Dick, and, each taking him gently by an arm, led him forward to within a few paces of the Kaiser.

"Well, sir," said the Kaiser, with a half-smile on his lips and speaking in quite good English, "you mentioned just now that we had met before. Wasn't that what you said? I think I'm right in saying that I recognise an American, eh? And where did this celebrated meeting of ours take place?"

The Kaiser spoke pleasantly—he could be very fascinating at times when he liked—and Dick chuckled a little to himself. All this courtesy and geniality from the Kaiser was, of course, due to the fact that he thought he was talking to an American, a member of that mighty nation whom he wished to impress.

"At the Kiel Canal, sir," answered Dick. "I was there representing my paper, and you were good enough to invite all the correspondents on to your flagship."

"Of course, of course," said the Kaiser, holding out his hand to Dick. "I remember your face quite well now!" Again Dick smiled inwardly, for, of course, he had never been at the Kiel Canal on the occasion named. "And are you here on business, Mr —Mr?"

"Hooston," replied Dick.

"Mr Hooston?" went on the Emperor. "You are here for your paper, I suppose, and every facility, I trust, has been granted to you, that the whole truth about this terrible business to be published to the world. All information that you require shall be placed at your service. Goodbye, Mr Hooston. I am glad to have had the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance. You'll say in your paper how much I value the kindly and friendly feeling of the great American nation at this awful time, won't you?"

"You seem to be assuming a good deal," thought Dick to himself, though aloud he said—

"We are well aware of your kindly feeling towards us as a nation, sir, and that is why I have made so bold as to step forward and ask you a favour. Among the prisoners here is an intimate friend of mine, one Edward Dayre. He is an Englishman, but nevertheless a dear friend to me as my own brother." (Thank goodness he doesn't know I haven't got a brother! thought Dick to himself.) "Would you, sir, as a special favour to an American newspaper correspondent, allow me his release? I would see him safely out of the country, I would undertake to see that he never returned, and I would guarantee that he would say and do nothing outside Germany that might be distasteful, misleading, or untrue. And besides, sir, it would not be unpleasant to you, perhaps, to have this little incident reported in the English papers as well as the American ones."

There were mutterings amongst the staff; the Kaiser turned and spoke rapidly to one or two, and then turned again to Dick.

"Mr—Mr Hooston," he said, "your nation has always been noted for its enterprise, but I really think this is the most enterprising thing I have ever come across. Take your English friend, and if you have any influence with him try and persuade him to think a little better of us, of Germany. Let him take back the news that he has had it direct from our lips that it is with the greatest grief we find ourselves plunged into this disastrous war. Let him go back and say that he has seen the Kaiser, that he has seen his eyes brimming over with tears, his heart torn and stricken with grief. But let him go back and say also that to the last man, woman, and child we shall fight for that which we hold so dear—the freedom of the world, the enlightenment of the world that must come when Germany is predominant, for predominant she must and shall be. Yes, take your Englishman, Mr Hooston; he may go."

The Kaiser spoke the words in his rugged, harsh voice so that they were plainly heard by those around, even on the outskirts of the little crowd. He loved to declaim, loved to stand on a pedestal, and this was a fine opportunity for a speech. He was about to pass when Dick, as quick as lightning, whipped out his notebook and wrote on a blank page:—

"Let this Englishman go free. It is my Imperial command."

"Sir, sir, will you sign this with your royal and imperial name?" said Dick. "Then my mission will be easy. Without it I know how impossible it would be for my Englishman to leave Berlin, for your arrangements are too perfect, sir, they are wonderful, colossal. It will be a great day for my paper when I send in my article. You'll lose nothing, sir, by your kindness and clemency on this occasion. In the course of a few days America will ring with your magnanimity."

The Kaiser seemed to swell almost visibly with pride. He had made an impression; that was good. His clemency and kindness would be reported in the American papers; that was better still. So he signed his name in Dick's notebook as requested, and then went on, striding with martial steps and puffing out his chest, satisfied that he had performed a deed that only a true king would have done.

"I want that Englishman over there—that tall, fair one?" Dick spoke in his American German to one of the sentries who had been standing at attention close by and had heard the interview between the Kaiser and Dick. "Quick, go and fetch him for me. See, here is the Imperial command!"

The sentry saluted. He had seen, he had heard. This man was evidently a favourite with the All-Highest Emperor, and must be obeyed, so away he went, returning in a few seconds with Edward Dayre.

"Come on, it's all right," said Dick in a half undertone to Dayre. "Never mind about your baggage—if they've left you any. You must come out of here with me quickly, and I must get you out of Berlin as soon as possible. That's all right; I've got a scrap of paper here that'll get you through."

The news of Dick's interview with the Kaiser had, of course, spread like wildfire through the prison, and every official by now knew that this pushing American had the Emperor's permission to do what he was doing. So, bowing and scraping, they escorted Dick out to the street, with Edward Dayre on his arm, while a little way behind followed the Van Donks, and likewise Henri and Juliette Beautemps, and Ellice.

Edward Dayre was amazed, bewildered, as well he might be, at his sudden release from prison, and he could hardly believe his eyes when Dick showed him the Emperor's pass signed by the royal hand.

"Well, I don't know! It seems like magic somehow," said Dayre. "And my wife? You showed me a scrap of paper in her handwriting. She's all right? You swear it?"

"Oh yes, she's quite all right!" said Dick. "She's been out of Berlin for hours. She started this morning. I promised I would send you after her, so here we are. But I must get you out of Berlin before Baumeister returns. He's a bit too clever a bird to be played with. When he gets back to his flat he'll find the insulting letter-card telling him of Mrs Dayre's escape; then he'll soon find out that husband Dayre has escaped too, and maybe he'll begin to smell rats and things, so you must be got out of Berlin at once. Now, the first thing to do is to find out if there's another train leaving Berlin to-night."

Dick made inquiries at the nearest railway office and was told that there would be no trains leaving Berlin that night, or possibly for a couple of days—no trains that would take civilians at anyrate, for the railway was wanted for military purposes.

"That's bad, that's bad," said Dick. "But out of Berlin you have to go, young Edward Dayre. Now, let's think, let's think. What is the time now? Nearly five. Well, we've got an hour before Baumeister returns. Of course, of course," he went on, "what an ass I was not to think of it before. Here, cabby."

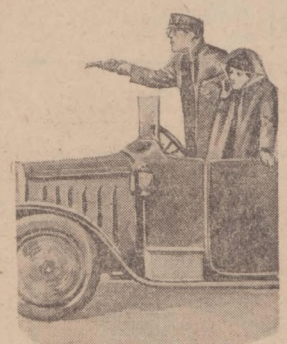
He hailed a passing taxi in German, bundled them all into the cab, and then called out, "To the railway station, Friedrichstrasse."

There was a little block in the traffic as they started to drive off and the cab had to stop for a minute, and in that moment one of the crowd saw through the window that seated in the vehicle was a Briton—for there was no mistaking Edward Dayre's physiognomy, and the boos, groans, hoots, and hisses that arose as the shout went up, "Britisher! Britisher!" made Juliette and Ellice instinctively clutch at each other's hands, and Dayre said quickly and impulsively—

"Look here, I'm getting you in trouble. Better let me go off by myself. We don't want to run the risk of the women getting hurt."

"Good lad, good lad, to speak like that!" said Dick. "But just you stay where you are, and I'll soon quell these merry gentlemen outside."

"D'you really think I ought to go back, Dick?" asked Ellice quietly. "You don't think I ought to stop here with you? I think I might be of use. Tell me, Dick, is it really your wish that I should go, because I'm in your hands, dear, the big, strong hands of the man I love, and what he says is right in my eyes. But I should just love to stay."



"Go, sweetheart, go; that's all that I ask of you—go!" answered Dick. "I don't want to lose you, God knows, dear, but I shall feel safer. I shall breathe more easily when I know that you are out of here. Dayre will see you safely through. I'll give him the pass, and I'll make the stationmaster and the commandant telephone and telegraph all along the line that the Englishman and the American lady with him are to be allowed to go through safely and scot free. And that's where you can help, sweetheart. Don't you see? You are an American—an elderly American lady—they'll treat you with respect, and they'll have to respect Dayre, too, while you're with him, whereas if he were by himself—well, there might be an accident, they might even kill him first, and apologise afterwards when they discovered the Emperor's pass upon him. So you'll be helping it you go. Won't you?"

"Very well, Dick, very well," said Ellice, "as you wish me to go I'll go. But, Dick, it's a long way, you know, and—well, things might happen. Just let me have that little pistol in case—in case of anything. We've read of what the German soldiers are. Just let me have it in case, for I could use it on myself Dick, at the very, very last if the worst came to the worst."

And for a second Dick almost gave way, almost told her to stay, but then he thought how much better it would be for her if she was. Surely, surely, with that all-powerful pass signed by the great name, she would be treated with respect and courtesy, more especially as she was supposed to be an elderly American woman

So he put his hand into his pocket and into the little, old-fashioned reticule which, in keeping with her disguise, she carried, he slipped the little, deadly, noiseless pistol.

"And now I must buy you some things for the journey, and you must take what money I've got," he said. "And Dayre will want some too, for those brutes have taken every penny he had from him. Jove, I wish I'd brought some more money with me! Strikes me I shall have to go on the loot again. How much have you got, Van Donk?"

By this time they had joined the others; a search was made of all pockets, and between them they collected about fifteen pounds, which was all handed over to Dayre.

"Now," went on Dick, "the special will take you to the little frontier town, where they run to now instead of going through Cologne. Once over the frontier into Holland you'll be perfectly safe, and that money will easily get both of you home. And now to put this pass right. After 'let this Englishman go free,' I shall just pop in in brackets, 'and the American lady with him,' and that will do for the two of you."

"The special train will be ready in five minutes, mein Herr," said an official, coming up and touching his hat to Dick. "It will be two thousand marks if you please."

He held out his hand as if for the money, and Dick nearly lost his self-possession.

"Two thousand marks! A hundred pounds!" he repeated. "Pah, I don't carry that sum about with me, man, and I've no time now to go and fetch it. I'll settle that with you afterwards."

"That won't do," said the man with the stiff frigid discipline of all German officials. "It is forbidden for the train to leave the station before the two thousand marks is paid. The train is there, but the gold must be there also before it leaves."

Two thousand marks. A hundred pounds! Dick had not a hundred pounds in his possession at the moment, for of course he could get no money from home, and had very little with him in Germany. As a matter of fact he was beginning to get a little frightened about the state of his finances. He would have to raise money from somewhere soon. And now here was this donkey of a fellow demanding two thousand marks before the train even started. What on earth was to be done?

"But here's the Emperor's pass! See, his signature in his own hand! This lady and gentleman, they are to go free."

"I've seen the pass, yes. It said let the Englishman go free, but there was nothing there then about the American lady. That has been put in since. I shall report on this; it is my duty to do so. I will send for the station master."

Dick bit his lips. He had been too clever; he had got himself into a trap again. The train was already due to start; anytime now Baumeister might be back, he might even appear here on the scene, who knew? With his wonderful intelligence service he would already have had news of the Emperor's release of the Englishman. He might—well, goodness only knew what he might do. Just as success appeared to be in his grasp here was he done at the post, thought Dick.

The station master when he appeared seemed rather pleased to be able to find something wrong with Dick.

"It is correct," he said, "that the Englishman is to be allowed to go free. The train is there ready, and it shall start when the two thousand marks in gold have been paid. But no American lady will go with the young Englishman, and we shall detain you, mein Herr, for having tampered with His Majesty's order. We obey the Imperial signature, which was that we were to allow one Britisher to go free. I wait now only for the hundred pounds and then the train will start."

"All right, all right," said Dick, rising and feeling as if he would like to take the mass of officialdom before him and throttle him. Everything was going wrong. Very well, I'll run and get the two thousand marks; and you'll be sorry for your over-officiousness, my friend, I can tell you that."

"No, no," said the station master, "you won't go. One of your friends can go and fetch the money. You can tell them where it is. But you won't go out of my sight until this is explained — the insertion of those words about the American lady. The Britisher shall go free, yes, directly the train is paid for, but you, you must stop here."

"But—but, you thundering ass," fumed Dick, using its equivalent in German, "how can I get the hundred pounds if you won't let me go? They're in a certain place—I can't tell you where—and nobody would give up the money except to me personally. I must go myself. You don't want me to report you to your Kaiser, do you? I'm an American journalist, that's what I am, and I tell you that I can make it pretty hot for you."

But all the while Dick was really feeling terribly nervous. He had muddled things up horribly, and by now it was evident that there was going to be trouble. He looked up and saw through the open door that there were soldiers standing outside; they were evidently guarding the room against escape. From the line he heard the impatient snort of the engine. There was the special train ready, ready to take Dayre and Ellice away, and here he had gone and absolutely ruined things. It was now ten minutes past six. The idea of sending anybody for a hundred pounds in gold was absolutely absurd, for there was no hundred pounds to be got anywhere.

Then suddenly a wildly-desperate resolve seized him.

"Look here," he said to the stationmaster, "have you ever heard of Herr Baumeister? Yes, of course, you have. Well, supposing I got him to be responsible for me, to guarantee that I was all right, that I can pay the two thousand marks, would that be good enough?"

"Oh, yes, that would do! If Herr Baumeister says that things are all right, that would be sufficient authority for me."

"That's all right then," said Dick. "Take me to a telephone, and I'll ring him up and ask him to come down here."

Baumeister Wins a Trick.

Dick was taken away by the stationmaster to the telephone. A soldier armed with a bayonet and rifle stood on each side of him, while, with fluttering heart—Dick was brave enough to own to himself that he was in a funk—he rung up Baumeister's flat, the number of which he knew well enough by experience.

Yes, Herr Baumeister was in. It was Herr Baumeister himself who was speaking. What was wanted?

"I'm in a bit of a hole, Herr Baumeister," said Dick. "It's Hooston, the American journalist, speaking. If you would come down here to the Friederichstrasse Station I should be obliged. It's the stationmaster here—he's doing his duty, I suppose—but he's got me into a bit of a hole over it. All right, you'll come at once. Thank you. Goodbye."

Dick's brain worked like quicksilver as he was taken back to the waiting-room, still kept under watch and guard, for he had to formulate some excuse, some tale to tell Baumeister.

When the chief spy arrived shortly after Dick braced himself up, for he knew that he had a tremendous proposition to tackle—a trip, a fault, a slip anywhere, and the game was up.

"Yes, yes, I've heard everything," said Baumeister as Dick started to tell him of the Emperor's release of young Edward Dayre. "It was all reported to me by telephone the moment I arrived back in Berlin just now."

Dick glanced at the clock. It was now twenty-five minutes to seven. They wasted no time in Berlin where the Secret Service was concerned.

"Strange, isn't it, that Mrs Dayre should have escaped from prison this morning!" went on Baumeister. "Yes, I heard that also directly I reached home."

And even in that moment Dick felt inclined to grin, for he remembered the letter he had sent Baumeister about the old chaplain who would be found in the barn fast asleep.

"And Mr Dayre escapes by the clemency of our Emperor," continued Baumeister. "It's a strange coincidence, isn't it? Oh, it's quite right I've heard that the Emperor signed your notebook with his own hand. Oh, yes, of course, the train shall go. That will be all right. Foolish man that stationmaster. It's the Imperial command, so, of course, the train must not be charged for, and it is quite at the service of your English friend, Herr Hooston. But now what about this, your putting in the name of an American lady, your mother, of course, you mean? I'm afraid I can't pass that over. No, no, the Britisher can go, but the American lady must remain here."

So the crisis was over and Dick had won. The revulsion of feeling was so great that he could hardly keep himself from shouting aloud. Dayre was free anyway, and Ellice, well, she would have to stay.

"I'll just make myself responsible for the affair of the train," went on Herr Baumeister. "Excuse me if I sit down here and write something. The stationmaster must be protected."

Baumeister sat down at the table and took out his fountain pen, while Dick watched him almost casually, for he was too delighted to think that he had scored again, that Dayre would be safe, that the train would start, to care much about anything else. He could have pulled a long nose, as the saying is, at Baumeister, as he sat there scribbling, and it was almost without interest that he saw him write something on a sheet of paper torn from his note-book, and hand it to the stationmaster who stood close by. That was evidently Baumeister's personal order that the train should start without delay.

But Dick grew a little more interested when another sheet was torn out of the note-book and Baumeister wrote rapidly on this, then folded up the slip and was about to put it in his pocket. But it fluttered to the ground, and Ellice, who was seated nearest, with natural courtesy stooped and picked it up and handed it back to Baumeister, who took it from her quickly with a word of thanks.

"I'll go and see that everything about the train is in order," said Baumeister.

He hurried away, and Ellice turned to Dick, and whispered to him—

"I'm so glad that I'm not going after all, Dick. It's just simply lovely to be able to stay here with you. But Dick, there was something rather funny about that piece of paper I picked up. I had no wish, of course, to be so rude as to read what was written on it, but it looked to me as if it were addressed to somebody. I just caught sight of it—you know how it happens, you don't mean to look and yet you see things—and it seemed to me exactly as if it were addressed to Herr Hooston."

"Herr Hooston? What an extraordinary thing! Oh, it couldn't have been, dear! Well, here he comes again. Dayre, you'll be all right now! Oh, and when you get to England you might look up Mr Remington," Dick gave the address of Ellice's father in London, "and tell him that his daughter is quite safe and well, and that Dick Carrick is looking after her." He said these words in an undertone, just as Baumeister was approaching with a genial smile.

"Now then, Herr Hooston," said the Chief Spy, "the train is ready, everything is in order, and the Englishman can go. Yes. I'm sorry about your mother, but—well, you understand, don't you, one must be careful at these times, and it was just a little risky for you to tamper with that document like that, you know. Only an American could have done that with impunity."

"All right. Come on, let's go and see him off," said Dick, turning to the others.

But Baumeister held up his hand.

"You only, you only, please, Herr Hooston," he said. "Your mother and your two friends can stop here. Yes, if you please, I mean it, I'm stretching several points in your favour already, you know, Herr Hooston."

"Oh, all right then, Herr Baumeister, of course. What you do I know is for the best. Very good of you to let me go."

The soldiers still kept guard outside the waiting-room as Dick passed out with Dayre; there was a file of them on the platform, in fact there seemed to be soldiers everywhere. Good, there was the train quite ready, just one carriage and an engine.

At a signal from Baumeister one of the soldiers opened the door and Dayre got in. Dick stood on the platform chatting to him, the young fellow expressing his deepest gratitude in cautious phrases—he had been warned of this beforehand, of course, by Dick. The whistle went, and the train was ready to start when suddenly Dick felt himself seized from behind in a grip from which there was no escape. He was pushed, bundled, hurried into the carriage with Dayre. He fought desperately, vigorously, but it was no good, for three or four soldiers at least had hold of him, and into the carriage he was forced.

The whistle shrieked again, the train started, and when Dick could gain his breath—he had been nearly stunned in the struggle—he found himself dishevelled and torn, half-lying, half-sitting on the seat, where he had been flung, while in the carriage stood two soldiers, one with his gun levelled at Dayre and the other at Dick.

On rattled the train. Dick was shaking all over. The struggle had been at least four to one. He sat up and smoothed his hair away from his brow, and was trying to collect himself, to think coherently, and make out what all this meant, when one of the soldiers handed him a slip of paper.

It was the very slip of paper that Ellice had picked up, and it was addressed to Herr Hooston and was just a little folded note which Dick opened and read.

"I shall be much happier with you out of Berlin, Herr Hooston" (ran the letter). "I do not care for enterprising journalists who obtain the Emperor's signature. They are too dangerous Besides—well, I have my suspicions. So, Herr Hooston, goodbye to Berlin. I have sent instructions that you, with the Englishman, are to be conducted safely to the Dutch frontier, but you will not return—that will be seen to. Your mother will be my care; I shall look after her well; she will want for nothing, and after the war you shall meet again. And so farewell, for ever, Herr Hooston. I regret to have had to be somewhat rough with you, but it was necessary."
—Baumeister.

"He's done me, he's done me," said Dick, as he read the note through again and crushed it in his hand. "And Ellice! My God, I've left Ellice behind in Berlin! Oh, what am I to do? I must get back there somehow, I must."

Will Dick manage to get back to Berlin? And how will Ellice fare at the hands of Baumeister? Be sure you read the splendid instalment next week.

HOW THE MOTOR DESPATCH RIDER

Tastes The Sweets of Adventure.

In this article, specially written for The Post Sunday Special by a despatch carrier, a vivid description is given of the most fascinating figure in modern warfare. In peril oft, dodging shells and snipers, crossing bullet-swept fields, the motor despatch rider scorns danger like a V.C. hero.

OH, yes, it's great sport is despatch-carrying.

To the young fellow on the lookout for adventure it can furnish all that he desires and a good deal more. It is far and away the most exciting game that I have ever engaged in.

It certainly has its risks—yes, risks spelt with a capital R. But, then, risk is the salt of life, and it's a glorious and exhilarating thing to feel your blood tingle and thrill with excitement, albeit curiously awesome to realise that in a flash your earthly career may be brought to a premature conclusion.

Just to show you that the rollicking, adventurous spirit of the British nation is still very much alive among our young men of the "gilded youth" type, let me say that the authorities have been simply deluged by offers of service in despatch-carrying from every conceivable quarter. Duke's son and cook's son vie with each other in volunteering for the exceedingly hazardous and dangerous duties that fall to the lot of the motor despatch-carrier.

Since returning to London—I had the misfortune to break an arm by being thrown into a shell hole on vile French roads—I have frequently met with people who professed to believe that despatch-carriers were not so necessary nowadays when the telephone and telegraph played such a conspicuous part in warfare. But these people overlook the fact that we are up against a powerful enemy, whose daily endeavour it is to drive us from our lines and break off our communications. Besides, the spy so abounds that it is necessary to take every safeguard against valuable secrets being divulged, while it frequently happens that the only method of communicating with an army 50 or 80 miles distant is by means of road and motor.

No Lack of Volunteers.

It's not every man that they will accept for this work. Our superior officers have usually so many volunteers to pick and choose from that they usually select the men whom they think most likely to emerge successfully from the enterprise. A despatch carrier, as you can well understand, must have all his wits about him, with nerves of cast iron and a nimbleness of resource that would do credit to a certain individual, whose name is daily on the witty and reckless lips of Tommy Atkins.

I think it was the late Archibald Forbes who used to say that the despatch rider must combine the artfulness of the Chinee, the skill in disguise of the actor, and the scorn of danger of a V.C. hero if he is to carry his life through the thousand risks of his calling.

When Forbes uttered this dictum the motor cycle had not been invented; and unquestionably it is worth its weight in gold to a modern army. Petrol can accomplish so much more nowadays than trickery and subterfuge. At the same time, machine trouble compels one often to resort to the latter.

I shall never forget my first experience in despatch-carrying. I had volunteered with a number of my pals in the Engineers, but as several seasoned carriers got the preference, I had to reconcile myself with the promise that I would in time get my chance.

It came much sooner than I had hoped for. I could speak French fairly well, and so when one night I was pulled out from my blanket, into which I had cosily tucked myself, and taken before the Commanding Officer, I answered his question as to my knowledge of the language with alacrity and joy.

It was essential that despatches should reach the Headquarters of the French Army, stationed fifty miles away, within a few hours. I had been selected for this important office, and would have to start off right away.

Perils and Pitfalls.

You bet I did not waste many minutes in getting a move on. I knew something of the perils and pitfalls of the French roads, and was on my guard accordingly, but it is no easy task eluding these shell holes, frequently six feet deep, in the dark. You are going along at breakneck speed with lamp out when suddenly you are pitched off through plunging into a deep pit bored by a "Jack Johnson." In this way latterly I got an arm fractured. Frequently, however, the cyclist is warned of approaching danger by the broken surface of the road.

Shell craters, however, are not quite so deadly as your own friends, and even now I marvel that I ever came through that first night with a whole skin. As long as I was in the British lines I found that I was pretty safe. Our sentries hold you up when about fifty yards away, which gives you a chance to indicate your bona-fides. But when in the French lines I must admit that time and again I felt frightfully "nervy."

French pickets and sentries remind me of the methods of the Judge who hanged his victims first and tried them afterwards. The French "piou-pious" is an awfully decent little chappie; but, as a despatch carrier, I would prefer, when he is on sentry duty, that he did not use his bayonet ere he gave the challenge.

So accustomed had I become to the British challenge that I rode into the French lines confident that the same procedure would be followed there. Imagine my feelings when from out the darkness there came a sentry's quick challenge. The next moment I saw a bayonet closer to my neck than ever I want one to be again. Had I not ducked, yelled out, and instantly, thanks to strong brakes, brought my machine to a standstill, I would not be telling the tale to-day. The Frenchie and I exchanged some pleasantries thereafter which I shall not repeat in cold print.

Another danger that the motor-cyclist has to guard against is the inevitable and ubiquitous sniper. Wherever you go in France, if you are near the firing line at all, you are made aware of the presence of these sharpshooters. They are the pests of warfare, but they do valuable service for their own side, and their bravery, ingenuity, effrontery—call it what you will—is remarkable.

One of the special duties assigned to them is to "down" despatch carriers. Fortunately, they have not met with much success in this way, most important despatches being carried at night, lamps extinguished.

Only on one occasion was I attacked by a sniper. He was well concealed in a tree, and the first I knew of his existence was the skipping of a bullet over my handle-bars. I put on speed, I tell you, after that, but I caught a glimpse of the wily Teuton as I whisked past, and promptly informed the next picket. The result was that two hours later that particular sniper was trapped and sent to his doom.

When the Motor Breaks Down.

The motor cycle is the despatch carrier's best friend, but, as in human intercourse, sometimes your best friend fails you. A breakdown has often placed the rider in an awkward predicament I was regularly lucky once. I should mention that the wear and tear on motor cycles is very great. I have gone through as many as half a dozen in three weeks, but only once was I compelled to leave a derelict on the roadside, or, rather I should say, I effected an exchange. The way of it was this.

I was bemoaning my fate on the road and glancing ruefully at my machine, when the welcome whirr whirr of another cycle sounded in my ears. I knew it could not be an enemy's, so I waited until it turned the corner, and then made frantic signals of distress. The rider was a French officer, and when I explained my predicament he very promptly placed his own machine at my disposal. "We shall effect a little exchange," he said, "and I don't suppose it will matter much, for I did not set eyes on this cycle until a few hours ago." The officer was returning to his quarters, which were near at hand, and he said he would give orders to some of his men to fetch in the wounded bike

Not infrequently the despatch rider comes into full view of the German lines. Then it is "hot stuff" and no mistake! Many a brave fellow has lost his life when carrying messages under fire, and yet it is miraculous how so many escape without even a scratch. Our lines rang for days with the exploit of a daring rider who dashed across a bullet-swept field and had the satisfaction of handing his officers the desired despatches. Asked afterwards what were his feelings in the face of almost certain death, he naively replied, "I would rather any day face a hundred German bullets than one French sentry's bayonet."

Despatches Destroyed Before Capture.

It has always been my good fortune to get through with my messages successfully, possibly because I have been given fairly easy journeys, but we are under strict injunctions to destroy all despatches if there is any probability of capture.

One of our most daring despatch riders is at present a prisoner in Germany; but when he was captured he gave nothing away. It was during the retreat from Mons that he rode into a group of Uhlans. He was on horseback, and at once saw, as his horse was dead beat, that there was no hope of escape. But as he snatched his despatch from his case and tore it to shreds before the eyes of his captors, one, of whom shot at him with a revolver. Luckily, the bullet failed to find its billet, and the brave lad surrendered with a light heart.

A no mean enemy of the despatch rider is —Time! Time is what he is most afraid of. No wonder a breakdown drives him to despair; no wonder he develops nerves despite a cast-iron constitution. And yet thousands of the young manhood of Britain are desperately anxious to join in the game! Truly, to youth the sweets of adventure are dear.

PEASANT SOLDIERS OF THE TSAR

Prove Another Surprise Packet For The Germans.

Krupp's Secret Attempt to Control Russia's Armaments.

Our Special Commissioner's impressions of the simple-minded, self-sacrificing soldiers of the Tsar are particularly timely in view of the fact that our brave Allies in the East are at present harassing the enemy at every point.

ALL eyes are turned at the present moment to the eastern theatre of war.

There battles are being waged which may well decide the much-debated question as to the duration of the war.

Once the Russian armies obtain permanent foothold in Germany the game is up for the Kaiser. And the War Lord is well aware of the fact, as is also his able General Von Hindenburg.

It will then be no longer possible for the Germans to wage war on two frontiers with any hope of success in either.

We must remember at this moment what Germany's original plan of campaign was. It was her intention to smash France within a few weeks, and then to wheel round and, with her huge armies practically unbroken, resist the Russian advance, content to patch up peace with the "Slav barbarians" when her own ambitions regarding France had been realised.

The Slav Barbarians.

The Kaiser and his advisers never for one moment imagined that Britain would intervene. It was only one of the miscalculations which have cost them so dear. Another was the underestimation of the Tsar's forces. How could "Slav barbarians," who had been hopelessly worsted by the little Japs, make any impression against the armed disciples of German culture?

Germany in this war has too frequently been guilty of underestimating the enemy—one of the most fatal blunders in warfare, against which her military advisers have frequently warned her. She dreaded only the number of the Russians, and scorned their intelligence and ability to cope with extraordinary and difficult situations.

The modern Huns know better to-day. The General Staff of the Russian Army has shown itself possessed of some exceedingly able strategists, and the remarkable triumphs achieved by the Tsar's forces are undoubtedly due to the scientific leadership of their officers.

And what of the men? There can be no doubt that the Russian soldier is entering upon this war with an enthusiasm and a fervour never before known in the ranks of any army. They look upon it as a holy war, for, undoubtedly, they are the most deeply religious of any of the armies engaged in this great conflict.

Supremacy on Land.

Russia's mighty population and her vast land surface—one-third almost of the entire globe—gives her the supremacy on land that Britain has upon the sea. Her population is 171,000,000 souls—all white people—and that represents a vast army in a country where conscription is in full force. Russia, if necessary, could put treble the number of men on the field that Germany possesses. From this it will be at once apparent that Russia can look after all her enemies fairly well. The Caucasian army has already given the Turk a taste of its quality, and Germany in involving Turkey in the war has particularly gratified the Russian soldier, for whom the crescent is anathema.

We have heard much about the Cossacks, and certainly they are getting their chance in this war. These fierce, semi-barbarous horsemen hail from the vast south-western portion of European Russia. They provide their own horses and equipment, and in times of peace dwell in quiet communal villages, tilling their fields and setting an example to the commercial mercenaries in the large towns.

But the Cossacks are soldiers from boyhood, and are liable to service for life in the army. They were not present in any large numbers during the Japanese War, and consequently the feats of the Russian cavalry were insignificant. The German civilian population have a curious dread of the terrible Cossacks, looking upon them as creatures not as high in civilisation as our own Indian troops. In reality they are simple countrymen, but, like the Irishmen, terrible beggars to fight.

The Peasant Army.

In fact the vast majority of the Russian army is drawn from the peasant class. The Moujik is an easy-going, unworldly kind of individual, but when licked into shape in an army makes a formidable opponent. His capacity for enduring hardship is proverbial; his bravery is beyond question; in the face of death he does not flinch.

Much has been made by the Germans of the illiteracy of the Russian troops, but one does not require to be a linguist or a mathematician to obey the orders of your superior officer and to charge the enemy at the psychological moment. At the same time, while education is a backward state in Russia among the peasant class, at least two out of every three can read.

Of one thing we are certain. As a shot the Russian is at anyrate the equal of the German—although that may not be saying a great deal. But in the use of the bayonet—the dreaded weapon to the Teuton—Ivan excels. As a rule Russian infantry prepare to use the weapon directly they come within 150 yards of the front ranks of the enemy, and do not "fix bayonets" at the last moment, as is the custom in some European armies.

The Russian artillery is of excellent quality, and has already been reinforced by many guns from Japan, which have done marvellous execution.

It is not so very long ago that Krupps made an effort to acquire the famous Putiloff Works in Petrograd, where the Russian cannon is manufactured. However, the Russian Government prevented the transaction being carried through, having probably a fair idea as to the ultimate designs of the Great German firm. Russia did not forget that Germany supplied her with projectiles for the Japanese War which were worthless.

Remarkable Strategy.

The Generals of the Russians are to a very great extent an entirely unknown quantity in this country. Therefore recent deeds must speak for themselves, and as far as the campaign has gone the greatest credit is reflected on the Russian General Staff. Theirs has been a strategy worthy of Napoleon.

In thinking of our Russian allies we must not overlook in our calculations one very important fact—that their army is absolutely a teetotal army.

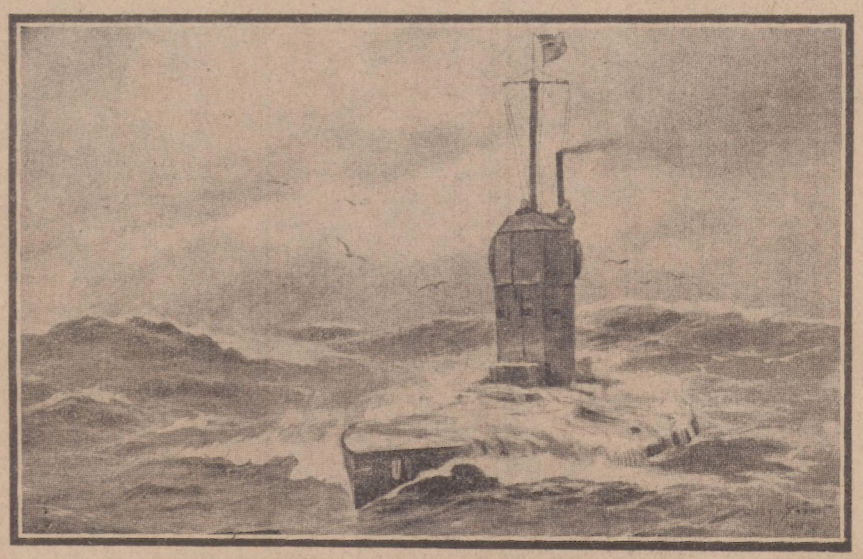
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1914.

ARMOURED MOTOR CAR.

A French armoured motor car, specially designed for attacking aeroplanes, brings down a German aeroplane. A German aeroplane very rarely returns to its headquarters after a visit to the French lines. The accuracy of the French armoured motor car crews has been deadly, and they have proved of great assistance during the war.

GERMAN SUBMARINE IN NORTH SEA.



The British Navy has demonstrated that it is equal to frustrating the many attacks made by the German submarines. Our commanders have been complimented for the skilful manœuvring of their ships while being attacked by the enemy. In many cases they have succeeded in sinking the submarines. The picture depicts a German submarine in the North Sea.

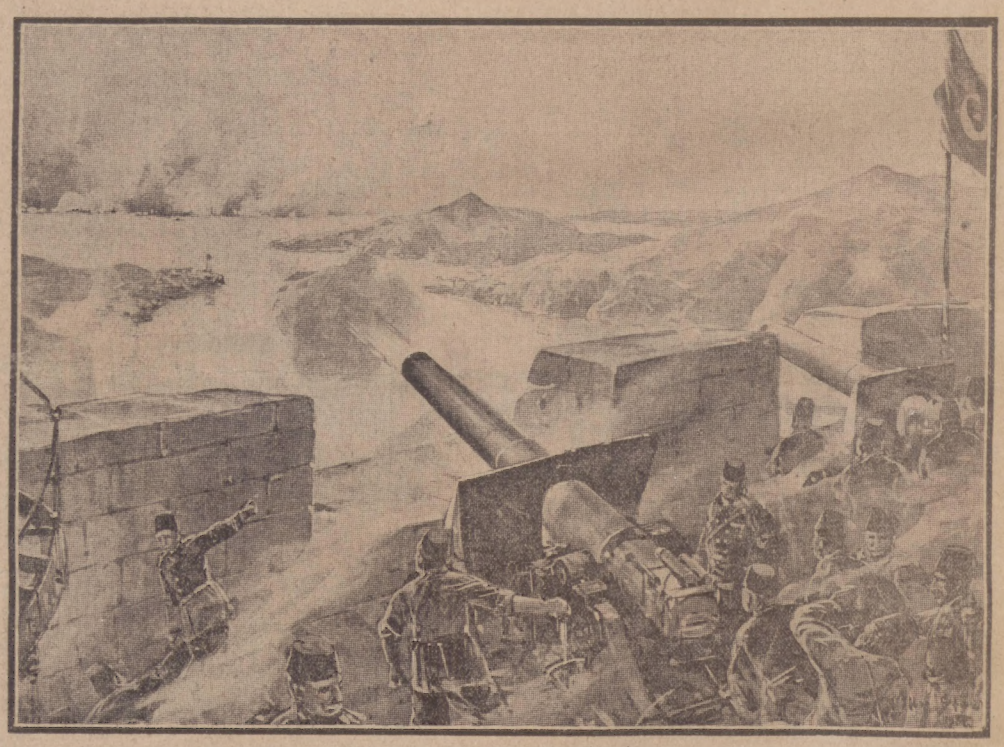
HONOURS FOR GENERAL JOFFRE.

President Poincare congratulates General Joffre, commander-in-chief of the Allies' Forces in the West, at the French Headquarters, and decorates him with the Military Medal for Valour. General Joffre has established himself during the present war as a great military leader. In character and temperament he is very much like Lord Kitchener. During the King's recent visit to his troops at the front he invested General Joffre with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

BOMBARDMENT OF LILLE.

During the bombardment of Lille a district of the city took fire, and the inhabitants had to flee to safer surroundings. They left the town by way of the Douai Gate.

DARDANELLES FORTS ATTACKED.



The Turkish Dardanelles forts have been attacked by the Franco-British Fleet, which has done considerable damage. The picture, taken from a German paper, illustrates the Turks replying to our attacks.

INDIAN CAVALRY.

Indian cavalry on the march somewhere in France. The Indian troopers are splendid horsemen, and can use their lances with extraordinary ability. The Germans dread very much when they know they are up against our gallant soldiers from India. Their heroic deeds have been received with the greatest enthusiasm in India.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Nicholaus Emil Herman Adolph Ahlers, ex-German Consul at Sunderland, was sentenced to death for high treason. The Press Bureau states the conviction is subject to appeal, the Judge having granted a certificate on certain points of law which arose at the trial. According to law, sentence of death was the only one the Judge could pronounce. If, on appeal, the conviction is confirmed the Home Secretary will consider whether it should not be commuted to one of penal servitude or imprisonment.

SNOWFLAKES.

Wintry conditions have already prevailed at the western theatre of war. A section of French infantry reserves are holding an outpost in Northern France. The soldiers are firing on the enemy, who have left their trenches, and are therefore well marked targets against the snow which fell during the night. The Allies have suited themselves to the wintry conditions, and are provided with suitable garments.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.